The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

ULTIMA VERITAS.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt.

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find.

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side.

And that somewhere beyond the stars,
Is a love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

VACATION.

There is a time for all things, a time to play, therefore, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." So of the man. The dog days are here again, and with them the season in which men and women growl about the hot weather, if the dogs don't. Some say, "Vacation is only a modern fashion, and a useless one." That speech is not wisely spoken. Seasons of rest are needful for man's bodily life, and needful for the mind given to steady toil. One day in seven, ordained of God for rest, was meant to apply to the whole man, not simply to a part of him. In our day, when calm, deliberate work is not enough, but men must rush and hurry with all their might early and late, one seventh of the time is not enough for rest, especially not for the clergy. True, the minister can take snatches of rest during the week; still he works every day, and the seventh day is for him the hardest of all. Holidays, vacations belong to Jewish and Christian history ancient and modern, and they are the outgrowths of man's need. Holidays for the honest sons of toil are not too frequent, in order to earnest, successful work. When the body is jaded give it rest; when the mind is dull from nervous exhaustion, let the boy or girl, the man or woman out into the open air, among the fields and woods, and they will afterwards do more and better work in one hour than in two before.

How hot the city gets in July and August! Some, who have never had any experience in it, say, "There is much one hears about the city being so hot, mere talk. It's only an excuse to go on a trip to the sea-shore, or the mountains." Suppose, dear reader, you make the experiment, if you are in doubt, and then you will know how it is. Some people will learn only by experience. Leave your country, or village, or mountain home, and live for three months encompassed with brick and stone walls, from thirty to fifty feet high, spread over a territory five miles square, the roofs of the building covered with slate and tin, reflecting the heat from their tops and sides, the whole city interspersed with factories great and small sending up their heated breath to assist the sun in his work; the flag and brick pavements thoroughly warmed up, the thermometer ranging from 80 to 95 degrees in the shade, and at times reaching about 100 degrees for days together, so that you retire, it may be, in a murky atmosphere, spend more or less of a restless night, and rise more languid and dull than refreshed. True, the days and nights are not equally hot, else who could endure it without suffering? Still there is enough heat in any season to give one a fair idea of the difference between the city and country in the summer.

But vacation is here, and thanks that the day is come. And how now? Shall the church be closed? No pastor, if he have a tender regard for the flock, likes to see the church closed. True, there will be but few of the flock who will not be out of the city one Sunday or more during the hot season, still there are always those at home (for they are not all away at any one time), who would attend the services. How shall the church be supplied? And how shall the Sunday-school be kept going? for the officers and teachers expect to be absent several weeks, and many of the children are gone, so that some classes are broken up, and the whole school is demoralized. How shall the church be supplied? The pastor might secure supplies, or at least try to. But he is timid to ask even willing brethren to do his work while he is away at rest, and as to those who are hired, the flock may not care so much to attend the services; and besides, the pastor does not feel like having a stranger to preach to a handful of people. He would rather preach to the small audiences himself and have the house filled when a friend or a stranger conducts the service.

The fact is, the ministers are not at fault that the churches are closed here and there for a brief period. There is a feeling that a vacation for the congregation is a relief too. Going to church in the morning, to Sunday-school in the afternoon, and again to church in the evening, is often a labor rather than a spiritual rest. Two services a day and Sunday-school besides, is more, in our opinion, than the Law or the Gospel demands. Too much service is a weariness to body and mind. Mr. Editor, if you will allow the remark, we would say, one full service in the morning, and Sunday-school in the afternoon, closing it with the regular evening service, the sermon omitted, the congregation being present, would be better than the present practice. Then there would be room for the *family* to perform its religious office too. As it is now, the family, in the sphere of religious culture, is virtually broken up. It ought not so to be.

But, here we are among the mountains. The sea, indeed, is glorious, with its rolling and roaring billows. How delightful to cool the body in its cooling brine! It brings health and appetite, and the breezes that come up over its waters are themselves like balm to body and spirit. The sea-shore would be glorious were it not for the parade of style, the glitter and glory of dress, and the hollowness of shoddy that every where confronts the visitor. The cost is such a drain upon a limited purse, too, that only the few can endure it with comfort more than a few days. A man of moderate means gets a taste only of nature's balm, and goes away hungry for more.

But some quiet place in the country, or a mountain retreat, where man and woman can be themselves, where the emptiness of fashion, and the sharks of modern times, who swarm at the watering places, have not penetrated, serves the purposes of vacation better even than the borders of the briny deep. Among the mountains, that's where we are, and we like it. Our appetites are good, and we are increasing in weight, and the whole man is being refreshed, and we are going to tarry yet a little while too. Adieu.

RAMBLER.

Selected.

RELIGIOUS FAITH AMONG MEDICAL MEN.

The London *Lancet*, an authority in the medical world, in an article on "The Spiritual in Man," suggested by a noble confession of his faith in Christ, left for publication by Dr. Tilbury Fox, an eminent physician recently deceased, says:

"The time has come to speak out boldly on this subject, and we are persuaded the good sense and self-respect of the profession will approve the protest against that spirit of restless antagonism to the claims of religion, which has unhappily obtained fuller expression in a small section of our ranks during the last few years, and which, if not repudiated, must be expected to increase. The position we assume in reference to this matter is one which may easily be defined. We are not the apologists of any special creed, but we say faith is a rational and natural form of mental activity. The religious instinct is an essential part of man's nature. There is a distinctly spiritual side to his character. The existence of hopes, fears, and aspirations—call them susceptibilities only, if any one prefers the term—is in itself evidence that there are spiritual surroundings and subjects of thought which call these forms of energy into existence. It is scientifically possible, that not one of the forms of belief extant may be true to fact, and yet the existence of faith proves conclusively, that there is subject for faith.

"It is not philosophic to affirm that nothing exists, or can exist, beyond the scope of our observation. It is not rational to believe that man has been instinctively, as we find him imbued, with a longing for personal immortality, without the existence of a future state which has called forth, and will hereafter justify, his aspirations. Nor is it scientific in a practical sense to consider the intellectual development of human nature complete without the manifestation of a religious element in the character. He is not of sound mind who has no cognizance of the spiritual part of his own nature. We make this assertion without hesitation and in full view of the puerile remark it may provoke. We deny that faith is a pure figment of the imagination, and that the religious emotions are simply visceral in their origin and nature. We take our stand on the broad basis of fact, and find faith, religion, and a spiritual phase of the human intellect falling within the compass of the mind. Moreover, we find the moral character largely influenced by the motives and impulses that spring from without. In the face of these evidences we cannot but recognize the value and importance of earnest views of life and the future.

"It is, therefore, with sincere satisfaction we observe the effect which has been produced by the posthumous confession of a simple Christian faith promulgated in these columns at the request of the late Tilbury Fox. We venture to hope it is only the formal expression of belief which has constituted the notable feature of this case. The faith exceptionally expressed is, we are glad to believe, widely cherished. There would seem to have been a feeling prevalent in the medical profession of late years that men of our cloth should avoid the avowal of their personal sentiments on religious subjects. We agree that the physician should not usurp the functions of the minister of religion, but he is forbidden by the spirit of manliness to take refuge in the opposite extreme of moral cowardice with a pretence of indifference. Men engaged in the ministry of medicine in the chamber of sickness and by the bed of the dying must needs have solemn experiences, and there is doubtless a tendency to arm the sensitive nature and conscience against the pathetic appeal of scenes in which we are professionally engaged. Against this leaning towards an assumed and artificial state of apathy it is necessary to guard. The dying confession of our friend and colleague may help some to take up a better and healthier position in regard to subjects of the highest and most enduring concern. The use made of the incident to which we have alluded by clergymen and ministers of every denomination is to be commended, albeit some of the remarks offered have been marred by sneers at the medical profession, which we feel to be undeserved, and therefore discreditable. It remains to hope that others will find in the few telling sentences left on record by Dr. Fox an occasion for equally wise and generous comment. For ourselves, and the profession as a body, we claim to be considered as having neither part nor interest in the speculations of men who mistake a spirit of sententious scepticism for scientific zeal and acumen; and who, by the restless energy of their enterprise against religion, and their unwearied anxiety to deprive man of his hope, beyond the present, are unwilling witnesses to the truth they assail—the unconscious contributors of a living testimony to the faith they despise. Such short-sighted laborers in the field of science, blind to all that lies around and outside the circle of a narrow vision, may be good and true workers within the limits of their enterprise, but they err egregiously in closing their eyes to everything beyond."

CHRIST'S VICTORY FOR CHRISTIANITY.

The nations were waiting for a hero when Christ came. The old era in history was ended. Four grand attempts to found a universal empire had succeeded each other in disastrous failure just before His advent. The early dream of the Babylonish empire had vanished and Nebuchadnezzar was dead. Cyrus was buried, and the shell of the Persian monarchy had been forever crushed. Alexander had passed away, and the world-wide dominion of Greece was utterly broken. And now Cæsar Augustus and the Roman Empire trembled at their meridian, while the last hope of a universal temporal kingdom bowed towards its hopeless decline. The magnificent idea of the world-conquerors had not been realized. Then the angel of history closes the old and opens the new book, and the name that is written on its title-page is *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*. He was "the goal toward which all ancient history tended." He was the fountain from which all subsequent history sprung. He was the thought of dominion that was struggling for utterance in the heart of the centuries. And since that day every lofty movement among the nations has been linked with His name. From His own time Jesus began to triumph. By His perpetual reign on the throne of history, He has vindicated His own historical claims before men. "Coming to set right and to govern the world, Christianity has ever been, as it ought to be, in conflict with vast masses of men, civil power, with physical force, with adverse philosophies. It has had successes, it has had reverses; but it has a grand history and has effected great things, and is as vigorous in its age as it was in its youth." It was discarded of Judaism within and confronted with Judaism without—Judaism fortified in its fifteen hundred years of gorgeous worship and holy faith. It was challenged by Paganism, rough-handed, strong-headed, stony-hearted, whose last appeal to physical force, when argument failed, was never wanting. It was invaded and torn asunder by dissension and schism, by mixture with philosophy and heathenism; but still it endured. It was overwhelmed by vandal hordes and driven into solitude; its temples leveled by barbarian bands, and its worshipers scattered to the four winds of heaven. But it died not. Mohammedanism, its gigantic rival, sought to overshadow and outshine it by superior charms and sensual rewards. It was overlaid in its own nest by an apostate sacerdotalism. But out of all turmoil and antagonism, out of external persecution and internal dissension, even out of corruption victorious for a time in the Church itself, Jesus Christ majestically arose, the genius of all history, the one grand indestructible character among mankind.

Unaided by any, opposed by all, Christianity won. Through the gross ignorance of the Dark Ages, through the revival of learning in the Renaissance, through subsequent deism, infidelity, and rationalism, the same head towered above all the stormy waves in deathless grandeur; until in these modern days the powers of the world are become Christian powers, the ends of the earth behold the circulation of the Gospel, and the position of Christ in history is recognized as the highest, the grandest, the most sublime in time. The life of Christ is fast becoming the life of the world; the kingdoms of the world are becoming the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.—*President A. A. E. Taylor, in his Baccalaureate Sermon.*

PREACHING.

An article in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly* bears this title. We presume it will be widely read, since printed postal cards calling attention to it have been sent to the clergy, and probably to the ministers of different denominations. It is ably written, and calls attention to many prevailing faults in the American pulpit work of the present day. But we think it misses one great corrective, which might, if applied, meet some of the evils it deprecates. The writer's idea of the Church and of preaching is that of the sectarian school. He considers that the Church will exhibit "only such spirituality, moral illumination, and earnestness as are possessed by the people who compose it, and is marked by all that is defective in their culture and character." That he is mistaken here is because he has no idea of the Church other than as a voluntary association of like-minded people.

On the contrary, the Church is a divine institution, the ideal of which is ever above the actual state of those composing it. That ideal is to draw men up to it. At the same moment and almost on the same page in which St. Paul was warning his converts to leave off stealing and profanity, incontinence and avarice, he was picturing the Church as the spotless Bride of Christ.

The purpose of preaching is, therefore, to advance the Church, considered as the kingdom of heaven. This includes, of course, doctrine and morality, a sound faith and a right life, in the highest realization of which these are capable. This, too, requires that the Church be regarded, not as a present association only, but as having a continuous life; a past and also a future. Preaching under the stress of this belief may not be all that can be desired, may have the grave faults of sensationalism and time-serving, mere intellectuality and lack of vigor, of which the writer complains; but it can never settle down into that utter compliance with the tastes of the hearers which he seems to dread. The preacher, however poor, who feels behind him the Church of Christ, and recognizes his authoritative commission to deliver a divine message, will never be the mere mouthpiece of his paying parishioners. The end of preaching is not merely to make men moral or to inculcate right convictions of truth, but also to bring them into a society by and through which they shall receive spiritual influences, and be enabled to work out the unchanging designs of the great Head of the Church. They are to be made members one of another and members of Christ. Just as this is truly accomplished, just so far are they lifted above their old selves and brought into new relations. Again, preaching may be very effective, and yet quite incomprehensible to those who listen to it, without the aid which it gains as a part of worship. To such it is like a deaf man reading the printed words of an oratorio, but incapable of hearing a note of the accompanying music. The sermon may be most skilfully directed to heighten the feelings awakened by the service, say of Easter or Christmas, and yet be lost upon those to whom these days and the facts they commemorate are naught. To true preaching the Church idea is essential, otherwise it becomes a mere band playing military music, with no army to join and to march with to battle.—*Churchman.*

The Saybrook Platform was compiled in the year 1808, at one of the three or four Œcumenical Councils held by the Congregationalists of this country. Here was reaffirmed the Savoy Confession adopted at the Cambridge Council just fifty years previous; also "Heads of Agreement," whereby a compromise was effected between the Presbyterian and Independent elements, which has ever since given a peculiar complexion to Congregationalism as distinguished from that of Massachusetts; and finally, articles o Church discipline.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Family Reading.

THOU DOST ABIDE WITH ME.

Outside the night is dark, the winds are wailing,
The storm is sobbing at my chamber door,
And the tempests beat with efforts unavailing
To break the lock and cross the threshold o'er;
It matters not the leafless world is dreary,
And storms are sweeping o'er the land and sea,
That this frail dust is worn with travel weary,
Dear Lord, Thou dost abide with me.

I hear afar the sound of bitter weeping
From those who shut on Thee their household door,
And now, through every room the flood is creeping,
And all their treasures swept its waves before;
But I, like some blest child so sweetly sleeping
Through some wild storm upon a mother's knee,
I, in my room, am golden sunlight keeping,
For, Lord, Thou dost abide with me.

I know not where my pilgrim staff will take me,
The future seems a dark and barren land,
I only know that Thou wilt not forsake me,
I still will feel the pressure of Thy hand;
If through the desert Thou wilt go before me,
And still support me on the troubled sea,
Then never can the billows cold go o'er me,
For, Lord, Thou dost abide with me.

Oh, Shelter from the storm! Oh, priceless blessing,
To entertain a guest so sweet and fair!
To Him the wealth of heaven and earth possessing,
I surely can my richest chamber spare;
But that is not enough where all is owing,
My soul throws open every door to Thee,
And since, my cup of life with joy o'erflowing,
Dear Lord, Thou dost abide with me.

—*Zion's Herald.*

THROWING OIL ON THE WATERS.

Finer boatmen than the hardy Shetland islanders are not to be found anywhere, as will readily be acknowledged by all who may have seen the splendid manner in which they manage their fragile skiffs in a storm. The boats invariably used for what is called the "haaf" or deep sea fishing are remarkably small, and, to look at them, seem utterly unfitted to contend against the fierce storms and raging tideways which prevail among and around the islands. But their safety just lies in their lightness, buoyancy, and handiness. If much larger and heavier, they would, from their unwieldiness, not be so easily managed, and would consequently be in much more danger of being ingulfed in a rough sea. They are entirely without deck, and are barely capable of bringing on shore from thirty to sixty hundredweight of fish—the latter only in the case of the largest-sized boats, and when the sea is perfectly smooth. Such a quantity indeed will load them so deeply as to leave but three or four inches of free board.

On returning from a day's or a night's fishing at the haaf, the crew of six men generally haul their boat up on the beach above high water mark, and with perfect ease. This will give an idea of the size of the Shetland fishing boat. In form she is long and narrow and pointed, with a considerable spring both at stem and stern; in fact just the Norwegian yawl, with some slight modifications and improvements. She carries a large lug sail on the one tall and slender mast which rises straight up from amid-ships, and is firmly secured to the stem and both sides by stays.

Right out on the Atlantic or North Sea, during the summer months, the hardy fishermen prosecute their arduous and dangerous calling, their only provisions being some half-baked oatmeal cakes and a small keg of "bland"—whey made from buttermilk. Sometimes in fine settled weather they will run seaward as far as forty or fifty miles, or farther; in fact out of sight of land, out on what seems a northward prolongation of the Dogger Bank, nearly halfway to Norway, which is the best fishing-ground; and then they are frequently nearly two days and two nights at sea. It will be readily understood that a sudden storm occurring, when the boats are thus far from the land in mid-ocean, puts the fishermen in utmost peril, and in such circumstances it too often happens that some never reach the shore. Such summer gales are common enough, and although fortunately not usually of long continuance, they are often very severe while they last. Not seldom after the long stretch of lines has been "set," the storm suddenly bursts upon them, so that the fishermen, not having time to haul them in again, are forced to leave them. At other times, about the commencement of the gale, they will have recovered all or a part of them, with a large quantity of fish also—mostly ling and cod—for, curiously enough, the best hauls are generally made just before a storm and when the weather is rough. The boat is then properly trimmed, and all made as snug as possible. The sail is closely reefed and hauled up. The skipper takes the helm and also the sheet, which rope is never confided to any hand but the helmsman's. He alone has thus the entire control and management of the craft—if close hauled or with the wind on her beam—easing her now with a turn of the helm; now by letting off a few inches of the sheet when a heavier blast than usual occurs; now luffing up and breasting a wave as it breaks close to her bows; now running from another if it looks too near and ugly and threatens to break on the quarter or beam, that it may expend itself astern, as to his experienced eye the emergency may seem to require. A quick eye, a steady hand, coolness and courage, and promptness of judgment, are all needed; for the smallest mistake, a wrong turn of the helm, the slightest false movement, might be fatal.

In running to the land, the greatest danger is always encountered in crossing those tideways which rush between the islands and round most of the points and promontories, at the rate sometimes of ten miles an hour. In the calmest weather, it is often impossible to cross them during the hours of full tide, and you must wait till "the slack of the tide" before attempting it. From any commanding height on shore you can trace by their course of white foam these furious tideways running far out into the ocean, while all around the sea is perfectly smooth and placid. They are veritable rivers in the sea, and Shetlanders speak of them as "the string of the tide," and crossing them is called "*cutting the string.*" Of these streams or tideways, the far-famed Sumburgh Roost, off the south point of the islands, and one near Burrafirth, at the north point of Unst, are the strongest and most dangerous around the Shetlands.

It is when running before the wind or crossing a tideway in a storm—but seldom except in utmost peril—that the Shetland fishermen adopt an expedient which has often saved many a boat's crew. They crush—or as they call it "crop"—in their hands the livers of any ling or cod they may have caught, and keep throwing them astern and around them. The effect is magical. The waves are not lessened in size; but they no longer *break*, and it is only from their breaking close to the boat, and so being dashed in upon her and filling her, that there is danger. The rapidity with which the oil spreads over a considerable space of sea around is marvellous, and scarcely to be credited except by one who has witnessed the phenomenon. Shetlanders call the smooth appearance of the water, caused by an oily substance floating on it, *lioom.*

"Throwing oil upon the troubled waters" is therefore a saying which has undoubtedly originated in a fact with which very few are acquainted, but which cannot be too widely made known. The fact is simply this, that oil prevents the waves from breaking; and unless they break, though they were twenty times as high as they ever are, there would be no danger whatever to a boat, or for the matter of that to a vessel either, except from the strains of her rolling. There would be no "shipping" of tremendous "seas," of which we so often read; no poor sailors and deck cargoes swept overboard; no smashing of binnacles and bulwarks. An expedient so simple might often be of invaluable service in saving life and property. The difficulty and peril, for instance, of launching a boat from a sinking ship in a storm, are mostly caused by the wind breaking the waves over the boat and filling her or dashing her to pieces against the vessel's side. The danger of such a mishap would unquestionably be greatly lessened by throwing overboard some oil, which ought always to be kept handy. Boats also going from one ship to the assistance of another in distress, and lifeboats on their way to a wreck and boarding it, might often with great advantage use a little oil, if its effects were only a little better known. Again, we often read of boats adrift on the sea from a foundered or burning ship, and it is marvelous how frequently they are able to weather the fiercest storms, though often greatly overcrowded; but many a time they are swallowed up, when a little oil judiciously used during the worst of the storm might have been the means of saving them.

Another case in which oil might be of the greatest service is when a man accidentally falls or is washed overboard. Life-buoys are thrown into the sea, the ship is brought to as quickly as possible, boats are lowered and a search made; but before all this can be done the vessel has run a considerable distance, and although the poor struggler in the water may be a good swimmer and able to keep afloat for some time, the great difficulty is to find the exact spot where he is to be sought for. A life-buoy or a man's head is a small object to descry among heaving waves and white foam. If the life buoys were constructed so as to contain a small portion of oil in a little receptacle or india-rubber bag attached to them, to be punctured with a knife before being thrown overboard, the effect would be not only to prevent the sea from breaking over the castaway, so making it easier for him to keep afloat, but would indicate to the searchers almost the exact spot where to look for him. His whereabouts would easily be discerned from the ship or boat by the *lioom.*

I throw out these hints and suggestions on this very interesting subject, and I do think it would be well worth while that some experiments were made to test the effects of "oil upon the troubled waters," and that the results, if satisfactory, as I am confident they would be, were made widely known to sea-faring men. The cost would not be worth naming; and I am much mistaken if the benefit, as a means of saving valuable lives and property, would not be enormous. As one who speaks not without personal knowledge, I would urge upon philanthropists and shipowners, if this paper should come under their notice, to turn their attention to the subject.

The following incident occurred in Shetland a good number of years ago. It was a beautiful evening in midsummer. Nothing indicated a storm or any change in the settled weather which had prevailed for some time. All the fishing boats had gone to the far haaf. Suddenly a little after midnight a fierce gale sprung up and raged with unwonted fury, increasing as the morning advanced, while the sea rose to a height most unusual at that season of the year. All the boats bore up for the land as soon as the storm broke on them; and during the early part of the day all reached the shore in safety, save one. She was known to be a good sea boat, and was manned by a crew of the very best fishermen in the island; but as the hours crept on, and there was no appearance of her return, burning anxiety and suspense of wives, mothers, daughters, and neighbors were fast passing into the most dismal forebodings. I went out to a high promontory which overlooks a wide expanse of sea, and sentinels as it were the entrance to the landlocked bay where nestled the humble cottages of the fishermen. A crowd of distracted women, and of men scarcely less agitated, who had just themselves but narrowly escaped a watery grave—friends or neighbors of the missing ones—were gathered on the cliff, straining their eyes across the raging sea. It was a pitiful, harrowing sight. Who can describe the agony expressed in the firmly clasped hands, the fixed and tearless eyes, of one, the bowed form, convulsively rocking a little one in her lap, of another, the moan of breaking hearts, the wail of despair of others! "Oh, my man, my gude kind man; I'll never see him more!" cried one. "Faether, faether, will ye never come back again?" exclaimed a blooming girl, whose cheek was blanched enough now. "My boy—my Willie! Oh, the cruel, cruel sea!" moaned a poor widow whose only son was one of that boat's crew. And indeed it seemed to all of us but too probable that our worst fears would be realized. The storm continued unabated. The great waves were dashing against the rocks in angry fury, sending the spray right over us. Most of the men were sad and silent. Some of them were doing their best to keep alive the hope they too plainly did not themselves cherish. One suggested: "They have probably run a long way to seaward, and set their lines, and have stayed perhaps rather too long in their endeavors to recover them before breaking up for the land; but no need as yet to fear the worst." Another said: "Perhaps they have run to some other island which they found easier of access." Another suggested: "They are possibly waiting outside till the slack of the tide before attempting to cross the string."

I turned to a fine stalwart young fisherman, who had often accompanied me on fishing and seal-hunting expeditions, and whose courage and steadiness and judgment I had not seldom proved in circumstances of difficulty and danger.

"What do you think?" I whispered, as I kept sweeping the horizon with my field-glass.

"I don't know what to think," he answered. "She was a good boat, and they were brave men and good seamen that manned her; but that is an awful sea to fight against. God be with them!"

"Was!" "were!" The words sent a chill to my heart. He was already speaking in the past tense of those for whom we looked and prayed. Suddenly he seized my arm as with a vice, while his keen gray eye, almost wild with intense, but suppressed, excitement, shot a glance across the waste of waters.

"There!" he said, "I thought I saw something white like a sail, not the sea-foam. Don't speak yet, or it will kill these poor souls! Give me your glass. Yes, yes; again I see it. Look!" he shouted aloud now; "I see her sure enough. They are coming right on, and going to cut the string too, I do believe; a bold venture, but awfully risky, for the tide is still strong."

A few minutes more and we could all see the gallant little boat driving along before the gale, now lifted high on the crest of a huge wave, now completely out of sight in the trough of the sea. On, on, she came towards the string, which, though it had run off its greatest length, looked ugly enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Little more than five minutes would be sufficient to carry her across; but every one knew perfectly well that the greatest danger of all was just there in the middle of that tideway. It was the crisis of her fate. Five minutes more and she would be in safety, or never reach the shore. On, on, she came, now plainly in view of every one, and splendidly handled as we could see; on, on, and buried her bows in the raging tide as a war-horse might charge an opposing rampart. We held our breath hard. No one moved; not a word was spoken; not a sound was heard but the rush and roar of wind and waves, or the wild scream of a sea-mew overhead. A minute of intense suspense, and still she bravely battled on.

"Ha!" cried the young fisherman at my side, "what is that they are doing? I know, I know! They are casting out the livers; I can see the *lioom* on her track. Wisely thought of, and well done. It is their only chance in yon tideway."

And so indeed it was. We could distinctly see the men with eager hands throwing out the crushed livers astern, to right, to left, all around, as though offering a propitiatory sacrifice to the sea-god; and the waves did not break on them then. A few minutes more, and then, amid tears of thankfulness and joy, "Safe, safe, thank God!" burst out on every side; and soon they reached the shore, those hardy fishermen, and were welcomed in a manner much easier to conceive than describe.

The skipper had never left his post at the helm for nine long hours, during which he had fought out his brave battle for life with rare skill and nerve and endurance. And now, when he stepped on the beach and took up his little boy in his arms and kissed him, I did not think that there was anything unmanly in the big tears which coursed down his brown cheek. A little afterwards I said to him:

"You have had a terrible day, and at one time we scarcely thought ever to see you again."

"Aye, terrible indeed," he replied; "and we should never have reached the shore through yon raging sea and tide if it hadna been our casting out the livers—*that* smoothed the sea, and wi' God's blessing saved us."—*Chambers' Journal.*

AMONG THE MORNING GLORIES.

BY PAUL HAYNE.

I saw her last wooed by the early sun;
A wreath of morning glories in their grace
Filled her fair hand, by rippling lights o'errun:
Summer seemed lovelier, mirrored in her face.

The earth-show melts; earth and its lights are gone:
I view her now poised on the gentle rise
Of a green hill-slope in the unshadowed dawn,
Plucking the morning flowers of paradise.

—*Christian Union.*

PATIENCE IN LITTLE THINGS.

It is an old adage that "straws show which way the wind blows," and it is well said, that "life is made up of little moments." And one's temper may be tried, and his peace disturbed by small as well as by great occurrences. In fact, we are more frequently exposed to the former, because they do not cast their shadows before them, and warn us of their approach in time to summon our courage and lay our plans to meet and conquer them. A man expecting to meet a wolf or bear in the woods would equip himself accordingly, and thus be guarded against surprise. He would be less likely to provide against the assaults of mosquitos, which might greatly annoy him, though he encountered no more formidable foe. So in morals—we need to be watchful in little things, and show patience at all times in little things. They serve to show our real disposition, and furnish opportunities for the exercise of a noble spirit, and the culture of a submissive temper to the ruling of Providence.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

Baillet mentions 163 children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian, so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes, who at the age of fifteen taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at twenty-four lost all his faculties, and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pica di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at twenty-five having at the age of fifteen composed admirable Greek and Latin verses, and become profoundly versed in jurisprudence. Pascal, whose genius developed itself at ten years old, did not attain the third of a century. In 1791 a child was born at Lubeck, named Henri Heinekem, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age he spoke distinctly, at twelve learned the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testaments. At two years of age he was as familiar with ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Samsom and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge. Cicero would have thought him an *alter ego* on hearing him converse in Latin, and in modern languages he was equally proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year. According to a popular proverb, "The sword wore out the sheath."

PAPER HANGING.

We would urge the necessity, from a sanitary point of view, of having the walls of a room thoroughly stripped of all old paper and washed and dried before laying on a new paper. Old papers, containing as they do a large amount of vegetable and animal matter in the form of size, are easily softened by moisture, and are then subject to putrefaction and mildew, the odor from which is both unpleasant and unhealthy. This, however, is an evil that can easily be averted by expending a few dollars in stripping and thoroughly cleaning the walls before each repapering. Inquiry is often made by the careful housewife as to whether paper-hangings will clean, and if so which is the best method to adopt. Good hand-printed paper will clean, but machine made paper, owing to the material used in sizing the colors, as already explained, will not. The following is the method that can be used: Cut into four or six parts a moderately sized loaf of bread that is two days old—it must be neither newer nor staler. With one of these pieces, after blowing off all the dust from the paper to be cleaned with a good pair of bellows, begin at the top of the room, holding with the crust in the hand and wisping lightly downward with the crumb, about half a yard at each stroke, till the upper part of the hanging is completely cleaned all around. Then go around again, with a light sweeping stroke downward; and always commencing each successive course a little higher than the upper stroke had extended, till the bottom is finished. This operation, if carefully performed, will frequently make very old paper look almost equal to new. Great caution must be used not by any means to rub the paper hard, or to attempt cleaning it in a lateral or horizontal way. The dirty part of the bread, too, must each time be cut away, and the pieces renewed as soon as it becomes necessary.—*The Cabinetmaker.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

To Polish Leaves.—Press them and dry; then sprinkle a little resin on each leaf, and iron quickly; turn and iron on the other side. Much more quickly and cheaply done than by varnish.

Cockroaches.—The Scientific American says: "A mixture composed of one part of powdered borax and two parts of powdered sugar sprinkled upon the floor where they frequent will soon eradicate them."

A Pleasant Drink for the Sick.—Take a dessert teaspoonful of arrow-root and add a tablespoonful of milk; wet and rub in smooth. To this add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Heat a half-pint of good rich milk and bring it just up to the boil. Then, when it boils, stir in carefully the arrow-root and sugar. Allow it to boil three minutes, and give either warm or cold.

To Preserve Eggs.—A French pharmacist offers the following discovery for preserving eggs; namely, to use a solution of silicate of soda, which, being of a very glutinous or adhesive character, is kept in a liquid state by adding a little tepid water. Simply dip the fresh eggs in this and then dry them. When thoroughly dried and completely covered with the silicate solution, which any druggist can furnish, the eggs can then be put away, and will keep, it is stated, for more than a year without injury.

Cotton Gloves.—Fashion never favored the ladies with a neater, more entirely comfortable glove than is now found in the tinted cotton gloves, at once tidy and economical. But when soiled they must be washed, and washing fades them, and they then appear in that hue known as ivory white, so much sought for in silk goods, but which is anything but inviting in a cotton glove. To obviate this inconvenience, I first wash them carefully on the hand, rinse repeatedly, and tint them in this manner: To a point of boiling water add a teaspoonful of Arnold's ink; into this dip the gloves, stirring them constantly till of the desired hue, remembering that it will be lighter when dry. Roll in a towel, and when nearly dry draw them on the hands. Other inks may perhaps serve equally well.

Miscellaneous.

THE EARLY FLOWERS ARE GONE.

The woods are full of tiny graves,
The sweet graves of the flowers,
That sprang in every sheltered nook,
Amid the springtime hours.
The buttercup lies on the slope
Where first the sunlight fell;
The violet sleeps beside the rill,
The daisy in the dell.

Upon no stone is carved the name
Of April's children fair;
They perished when the sky was bright,
And gentle was the air.
To the soft kisses of the breeze
They held, half trembling, up,
Full many a small transparent urn
And honey-ladened cup.

And when the roses budded out,
In summer's balmy hours,
No little mound was made to tell
Where slept the gentle flowers.
Those early flowers—they seem to me
Like little children sweet,
Who smile a moment on our path,
Then perish at our feet.

—*Louisa Chitwood.*

THE CHINESE FAMINE.

Mr. Forrest, the English Consul at Tientsin, reports his belief that during the late famine in China the deaths from starvation and want reached the enormous total of about 9,500,000—that is to say, that a population more than twice that of Portugal was swept away within a few months. This estimate would appear scarcely credible were it not supported by the report of Mr. Hillier, of the Consular Service, who has lately visited the desolated provinces. His account of the condition of things is deplorable in the extreme. Towns which a few years ago were busy centres of trade, and villages which were populous and well-to-do, are now silent and deserted; while houses which used to teem with life are now only tenanted by the dead and the few survivors who are left to tell the miseries they have undergone. Shocking as the sight must be of the mingling of the dead with the living, the explanation is even more ghastly. When the famine was at its height the starving people, goaded by the pangs of hunger and unable to obtain food, dug up the bodies of the buried dead. Survivors preferred therefore to share their homes with the coffins of their deceased friends rather than run the risk of committing them to the uncertain keeping of the ground. At intervals the sides of the road are strewn with the whitened bones of wanderers who had lain down to die where their strength failed them; and the horror of the scene is aggravated by the presence of troops of wolves. Soon after the outbreak of the famine, large quantities of stores were collected by the Chinese Government at Tientsin and elsewhere for transmission to the famine-stricken districts, but owing to bad roads and inefficient means of transport, they arrived on the spot in such small quantities and at such uncertain intervals, that they failed to do more than relieve the sufferings of a few. "Camels, oxen, mules, and donkeys," Mr. Forrest says, "were hurried along in the wildest confusion, and so many were killed by the desperate people in the hills for the sake of their flesh, that the transit could only be carried on by the banded vigilance of the interested growers of grain, assisted by the train-bands or militia. The way was marked by the carcasses or skeletons of men and beasts; and the wolves, dogs, and foxes soon put an end to the sufferings of any wretch who lay down to recover from or die of his sickness in those terrible defiles."

A WATER-SPOUT.

The Denver *Tribune*, in speaking of a recent water spout in Colorado, says:

The telegraph wires are still down, but a statement of the true condition of affairs has been obtained through the medium of the passengers who were delayed in consequence of the storm. In conversation, yesterday afternoon, a gentleman who had been stopping for a few days at the boarding-house near the saw mill at Thompson's, said: "We had a terrible hail-storm shortly after 3 o'clock and the stones as big as hen's eggs fell thick and fast. While we were standing at a safe distance from the windows—for nearly every pane of glass was broken—we saw a most remarkable phenomenon, accompanied by a dull, heavy, roaring sound like distant thunder. A large volume, of what we afterwards found to be water, was seen at the top of the mountain, coming closer and closer, like an immense funnel. As it approached, the noise became almost deafening, and one old gentleman who was standing in the door—for we had all assembled in and around the doorway—exclaimed: 'It's a water-spout.' Out of the house and up the opposite hill we ran as fast as it was possible, to almost the summit. One of the parties who was furthest down, in terror turned around, and beheld the water rushing and tearing down the opposite side, carrying with it huge boulders, uprooted trees, and all sorts of debris. It struck the house and the saw mill simultaneously and carried them away like straws, not a vestige of either remaining. We stood there in terror for a long time, hardly daring to speak a word, but finally becoming more used to the scene, we began to look around us and take in the situation. When the height of the excitement had abated some little, an anxious mother missed her infant child, and search was made for the lost little one. After an hour spent in the water and mud one of the gentlemen discovered the child in a pool of water, and the stream still coming down the mountain side, lying close to a rock, which also supported a large bureau, under which the little one sat in the apartment intended for a lower drawer. The child was not frightened, but seemed to be rather pleased with its situation, and, strangely enough, had hardly a scratch upon it. The joy of the distressed parent can easily be conceived when the wet youngster was placed safe and sound in her arms. The water continued to rush down the gulch for several hours, and we had to prepare places to sleep on the side of the mountain. Early the next morning I joined a number of men who desired to reach Denver as soon as possible, and started to walk to the train, about seven miles distant. When we reached there we found it was a wrecking train, with a coach attached, and after being delayed several hours for the wreckers to prepare the track, we started on our journey home."

In the canon the track was also gutted out in spots, and a good bit of it at other places had the bedding washed out and the rails twisted. Temporary bridges are being constructed to facilitate the running of the trains. An engine was run into a ditch a short distance this side of Thompson's, in consequence of the weakened condition of the roadbed. Three flat cars were also carried away some forty feet, with three men on them, who, wonderful to relate, were not injured; they only received a thorough drenching and a big scare. One of the most disastrous difficulties arising from the unexpected accident is the great delay of the mails. There has not yet been a single mail sent out to Leadville since the storm, and, as a consequence, there has been a great accumulation of matter, which will doubtless be a source of much trouble to the carbonate camp, as well as to the many towns along the line of the road. Such an accident is likely to occur at almost any time, and provision should be made that in such an event in nature there need be no delay in the mails.

LIFE ON PIKE'S PEAK.

The United States signal station at Pike's Peak is the largest signal station in the world; it is also the highest inhabited portion of the globe. It was opened in the month of September, 1873. That it was a wise provision of the government in establishing a signal station at this point is no longer questioned, the facts having already demonstrated its practicability, and the present success promises that Pike's peak signal station is yet to stand at the head of all astronomical and meteorological stations in the world. A recent letter from the station says:

This point is wonderfully favored by nature for the study of astronomy and meteorology. The rarity of the atmosphere brings out a remarkable brilliancy and clearness to the stars and all heavenly bodies. The nights are almost always cloudless, and cloudy days are an exception. Nine-tenths of the storms are below the peak. The best and most complete report of the last total eclipse of the sun received at Washington was the report of Prof. Loud, of Colorado College, from observations taken at Pike's Peak. The signal station is now under the charge of Sergeants Choate, Blake and Sweeney. These officers are detailed from the army because of their peculiar adaptability and special qualifications for the accurate execution of the nice duties of taking astronomical and meteorological observations.

The summit of Pike's peak contains sixty acres. It is 14,336 feet above the level of the sea. On the highest point of the summit stands the signal station, a rough stone building twenty-four by thirty, one story in height. It is divided into four rooms—officers' room, kitchen, store room and wood room. And here in this bleak spot, nearly twenty miles from the habitation of man, though three miles nearer the heavenly regions than most parts of New England, these men live the larger part of the year. The station is three miles from the timber line, where the greater part of vegetation ceases. Short grass tufted with delicate Alpine flowers struggle for existence against the frigidity of the atmosphere and creep toward the mountain top; but there are hundreds of acres of cold gray and reddish rocks where not a vestige of verdure exists.

Like the dwellers of the arctic regions, the inhabitants of Pike's peak have two seasons—summer and winter. Two months of summer—August and September—and ten long, cold months of winter. The atmosphere is congenial; the many visitors at the peak enhance its social life with joy, wonderment and mirth. During the summer of 1878, upward of nine hundred people, in parties of from five to thirty, visited the peak, among them many ladies. They registered from the four quarters of the globe, and they all expressed admiration and astonishment at the grandeur and sublimity of the views as seen from the peak. To behold a sunrise from the peak is an event of a lifetime, and for this purpose visitors often remain over night at the station to be ready to catch the first glimpse of the sun as it appears above the horizon, gilding with its bright rays the mountains, hills, valleys and plains, to the wonder and delight of the amazed beholder.

The duties of the officers are various. Seven observations are taken daily; all storms are closely watched and each special and distinctive characteristic duly recorded. Sunset and sunrise demand close attention. Every peculiarity of the heavenly regions removed is viewed and record made of the same, and monthly reports of these records are sent to the headquarters at Washington. The present year has been unusually prolific in sun dogs, which are said to prognosticate earthquakes, subterranean explosions, immense freshets and troublesome times. A government office at Pike's peak is no sinecure, for the officer must buffet all storms and brave all weathers. Occasionally an electric storm visits the peak. There is but little thunder accompanying these storms, but the mountains seem all on fire. Sergeant Choate informs me that when he was out observing one of these storms, it appeared as though the whole mountain top was a sheet of electric flame. It came out of every rock and darted around with wonderful audacity.

It played around him, as he expressed it, shot down his back and darted out of each boot toe, and so completely filled him with electricity that he could not retain his foothold, but bounded and rebounded from the rock like a rubber ball; he felt as though a powerful electric battery was pouring fiery darts all through him, and deeming "discretion the better part of valor," he bounded into the signal station for preservation. Sergeant Choate was at the Springs in December, and on December 21st he left for the peak, wearing Norwegian snow shoes twelve feet in length. It was a weary task and a weary trip. The first night he slept out in the snow on the mountain side. The second night the mercury fell 20° below. He sought shelter in a deserted cabin, through which the wind whistled tunes anything but agreeable. Here he built a small fire, but avoided sleep, fearing the extreme cold might produce the sleep of death. The third day he reached the station safely.

PROPAGATION OF OYSTERS.

Professor Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, has been recently engaged in experiments with the object of securing the artificial propagation of oysters, and on the 29th of May his efforts culminated in success. Before these experiments naturalists were not fully conversant with the early history of this mollusk's development. A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, who witnessed the process of making embryonic oysters, says in his account of it: Half a dozen on the half shell served on a plate, a few watch crystals, a small glass jar, a little water and the microscope constituted the laboratory. The oysters had been taken fresh from their beds and opened carefully. In this way they will live for a day or two if kept in a cool place, and all the while the heart may be seen to pulsate in its cleft next to the muscles. Close to the heart lay what is usually called the "fat," but which is really the reproductive organs. These are wrapped all around the stomach, liver and digestive organs, the latter being the "belly" or dark part of the oyster. The flaps extending around the whole of one side of the shell are its gills, through which it breathes and separates its food. The mouth is at the butt end of the shells where the hinge connects them. Male and female oysters on the half shell cannot be told apart, and indeed one in fifty is believed to be hermaphrodite. It is claimed that oysters are females when young, and males when they become old and larger. But the facts have not been established with certainty, nor is it of importance. To produce free swimming ciliated embryos the operator pinched away with tweezers a particle of the generative part, put it into a watch crystal and stirred it until the eggs were well shaken out. The water now was milky from the great number of eggs. The microscope determined the sex, which in the present experiment proved to be male. Under the microscope these male cells appeared to be minute dots, perpetually in active motion, and each one of them being sufficient for impregnation when properly lodged. The female eggs are 100,000 larger than the male cells, but are invisible to the naked eye.

Having been washed out into separate watch crystals, the eggs are mixed with the male cells. Then viewed under the microscope the male cells are seen to attach themselves vigorously to the egg in eager crowds, but only one of the many is supposed to impregnate. The first change apparent is the disappearance of the germinal vesicle, and this is accomplished in a very few minutes. The egg then becomes spherical and remains quiet for one or two hours, when a kneading process becomes visible. A globule appears on the surface and this is the beginning of segmentation. Then by degrees the egg becomes divided into smaller and smaller granules. This process of subdivision occupies two hours, and at the end of this time a small, transparent swimming embryo is found, which is the oyster in its infantile state. The whole process occupies from four to six hours, according to the temperature, although in the present instance it was brought to a successful issue in four hours. Professor Brooks in his previous experiments had raised oysters till they possessed the cilia which serve to propel the microscopic animal, but they died without further revelation of the mystery of life. In the present experiment he had the satisfaction of developing the embryos until he could clearly trace their digestive organs, and he is inspired with the hope that continued watchfulness will enable him soon to see the infants begin to assume their armor of shells. It is believed that there is no specific time for the spawning season of the oyster, and that it continues throughout the summer months, though this is a point not yet definitely settled.—*Science News.*

Selections.

There is nothing so fatal to comfort as well as to decorum, as Fuss.

It is not enough to do good when opportunities offer: we ought to seek them.

Mount upward! Heaven is won by prayer.
Be sober, for you are not there!

—*John Keble.*

Many people who live in the country all their lives, get up a distant bowing acquaintance with nature, and that is all.

The mind of youth cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil.

When a man pulls out his sixpence and gives that, when he is laying by thousands of pounds, I can only consider that he forms a pretty accurate measurement of the value of his religion.—*Spurgeon.*

Soft words do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveler throw off his coat, which all the blustering wind could not do, but make him only bind it closer to him.

Do you say sin is too strong for you? It is not too strong for Omnipotence that dwelleth in you. I don't want so much of being afraid of going to hell, as to be afraid of sin. Let me be afraid of sin, and then I need not be afraid of going to hell.—*Rowland Hill.*

All that arrests me in my work, and disturbs my plans, God purposely sends, foreseeing that too much success would make me vain, or too great facility self-indulgent. He wishes me to understand that it is not success which leads to heaven, but devotion and labor.—*Golden Sands.*

Our Saviour presents to us so much of love and gentleness that we should seek to use these in all our efforts at reaching the hearts of men. Preaching the gospel bitterly will never bring sinners to the cross. When some one told McCheyne he had heard a minister preach on the words, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," he was asked, "Was he able to preach it with tenderness?"

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has a commencement, will never, through all ages, have an end! The life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose course and destination, as it winds through the expanses of infinite years, only the Omniscient can discern.—*Carlyle.*

Science and Art.

TICKET COUNTER.—A ticket counter is in use in Vienna. When a ticket is stamped the fact is recorded in the despatcher's office, so that he knows the number of cars to bring into the depot and the points on the road where they will be required to proceed to.

A NEW MATERIAL.—Sawdust mixed with bullock's blood, or other agglutinative substance, and forced into moulds of any desired pattern under the combined action of heat and pressure, is now extensively manufactured into furniture and hardware trimmings of great variety, and is known by the trade name of hunacite. It is possessed of great strength and hardness.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—Experiments in Riga, recently made, show that woolen and coton rags, yarn, etc., when soaked in oil, petroleum and refuse organic substances, and kept at a temperature of from 40 to 60 degrees, burst into a flame after longer or shorter intervals. Silk slowly charred away. The heat produced by chemical combination was the cause of the combustion.

UTILIZING CRICKETS.—The cricket invasion of Algeria in 1866 cost the Government 5,000,000 francs, and 200,000 of the natives died of starvation. A single band of these animals was estimated to contain 50,000 tons of them, and the nitrogen of them to weigh 1,000 tons. Nets have been patented in France, so that in case of another invasion this valuable manurial agent may not be lost. The crickets are caught in the angles of the nets and fall down into a pit, where they are to be treated with green vitriol.

THE ELECTRO-CHEMICAL TELEPHONE.—Mr. Edison has completed what he calls the electro-chemical telephone. It is about six inches square, and consists of a spool of chalk on a small shaft turned by a crank. There is no magnet, and the current passes directly through the spool to a thin tongue of steel resting upon it, and thence to a thin metallic diaphragm which reproduces the voice. The tone is only heard when the spool revolves. It is not necessary with this instrument to put the receiver to the ear to hear the voice. The Western Union has secured the right to this telephone.

IMPROVING THE VIOLIN.—All musical instruments worked with the bow, and especially the violin, produce certain acute, hard and disagreeable notes. In a memoir recently published by M. Dien, a remedy is announced. Hitherto the short part of the string above the bridge has not been supposed to influence the sonorousness of the principal part, but really it vibrates simultaneously, though very weakly, with the latter, and its vibrations cause the interferences to which the unpleasant effect in question is due. M. Dien has experimented by tuning these prolongations of the strings to the unison or octave of the defective note by applying small movable nuts to the prolonged parts, which can be adjusted as desired. The correction thus made is said to be quite complete.

Personal.

Bismarck's salary as Chancellor of the Empire and a Prussian Minister is $13,500. Dr. Falk, on retiring after thirty-three years' service, gets a pension of $3,300.

It is Mr. Froude who is to write the "authorized" life of Mr. Carlyle. He has been collecting materials for a long time, but the work is not to be undertaken until after the philosopher's death.

Some earth and chips of stone from the Tuileries, the gift of the daughter of an official of the Empire, who secured them while passing through Paris on her way to Chiselhurst, were buried in the Prince Imperial's coffin.

Charles L. Jones, who died recently at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, left $30,000 to Harvard College, the money to be used in founding six scholarships. He also bequeathed $10,000 to the Vermont Academy, which was founded and endowed by him some years ago.

Books and Periodicals.

SOME SNOW HILL GIRLS. By "Mitchella." Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00.

This is a valuable addition to Sunday-school literature, and will be read with great interest by those for whom it is specially intended. It is the story of half a dozen school friends, none of them Christians, who, by various means and through different channels come at last, some earlier and some later, to a knowledge of the truth. The style is simple, yet pleasing, and the interest of the narrative is well sustained.

MY DAUGHTER SUSAN. By Pansy. With fifteen illustrations by Miss Humphrey. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Paper covers, 50 cents.

Here is a book, to use an expression of Hawthorne, transfixed with a purpose. A bright, sharp, and thoroughly interesting book, and yet containing something more than a mere story. Its key-note is temperance. "My Daughter Susan" is an original character; a woman of strong mind and fixed principles, brilliant and sympathetic; the life of social gatherings, and yet a most determined opponent of the various temptations which are offered at such places in the way of wines and intoxicating liquors. The book is the history of her experiences for a single day, and shows what can really be accomplished by determined effort in a righteous cause. The illustrations are capital and add to the attractions of the volume.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of THE LIVING AGE for the weeks ending August 9th and 16th respectively, contain the following articles: Wordsworth by MATTHEW ARNOLD, and the Mirabeaus, *Macmillan;* Food and Feeding, by Sir HENRY THOMPSON, and Moose Hunting in Canada, *Nineteenth Century;* The Last Jewish Revolt, and Chloral and other Narcotics, *Contemporary;* The Evangelical Movement, its Parentage, Progress and Issue, by MR. GLADSTONE, *British Quarterly;* The Birth, Life and Death of a Storm, *Popular Science Review;* How to Popularize Wordsworth, The Journey of Colonel Prjevalsky towards Tibet, The Influence of India on China, and the lessons of Prince Napoleon's Funeral, *Spectator;* Egyptian Exiles, *Saturday Review;* The Chances of War, *Natal Mercury;* and in the way of Fiction, The Ghost of Morcar's Tower, The Grey, and instalments of JEAN INGELOW'S "Sarah de Berenger;" and SARAH TYTLER'S "The Bride's Pass: and the usual amount of Poetry.

For fifty two such numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., publishers.

THE PENN MONTHLY, devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and Politics, August, 1879. Contents.—The Month: The Funerals of the Prince Imperial and Sir John Lawrence; Prince Napoleon's Policy of Silence; The Continuance of Distress in England; The Mischiefs of the French Education Law; The Meaning of Protection in Germany; The Zulu War; The Bourse Dethrones the Khedive; The Irish University Bill; M. Lesseps Wants a Panama Canal; The End of the Extra Session; Quinine on the Free List; The Renewed Outbreak of the Yellow Fever; The Political Campaign; The Merchants Imitate the Grangers in Asking the Legislatures to Call the Railroads to Account. The Art of George Eliot, J. Carroll Smyth; The Modern Museum, Prof. E. D. Cope; The British Power in South Africa, James Joseph Talbot; To Chloe, (Horace, Book I., Ode XXIII.); A Quarrelsome Quaker, W. C. Elam; Tyler's "American Literature; New Books; Books Received. Published for the Penn Monthly Association by Edward Stern & Co., Nos. 125 & 127 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia; London, Trubner & Co.; New York, American News Co.; Berlin, A Asher & Co. Terms, $3.00 per Annum; Single Numbers, 30 cents.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. T. J. BARKLEY, Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1879.

LAYING ASIDE PREJUDICE AND MALICE.

The young men just fresh from College, and inspired by a love of what Oliver Wendell Holmes calls the Macaulay-flowers of literature, will remember that the British reviewer introduces a criticism by citing the case of the Brahmin, who was induced by the premeditated and concurrent testimony of bystanders to buy a blind cur and offer it to the gods as a fine sheep. The object of the English critic in citing this bit of Sanscrit literature, was to guard the public against accepting that which was vile, simply because it was "puffed;" but the fable has another side. The punishment of the Brahmin showed, that the impure could not be properly laid upon an altar, even though men praised it. And it seems to us, that this is a truth that ought to be remembered in our Church now. The theories of the pagans showed that only that which was perfect could be presented to their deities, and this was but half-conscious prophecy of heathenism, of the Great Sacrifice, which, in order to be acceptable to God, must be without blemish and without spot. And everywhere we are told in the Bible, that anything offered to God in union with Christ's offering of Himself, must be free from guile.

The incense the mitred priest swung from the golden censer, typified the grace of One, whose merits made the prayers of the people come up as a sweet smelling savor before the Almighty. But that outward act was a mere symbol that might be turned into a mockery, if a wrong feeling were cherished on the part of worshippers. The leaven of malice must be purged from the hearts of those, who expected God to hear, and forgive and bless. And this is a condition upon which the Searcher of hearts will insist, if we are to find favor in His sight at the approaching meetings of our Synods.

There is no use to try to cover up evil under the garb of honesty and piety. That is always the plea of fanaticism—the guise of those who "draw iniquity with cords of vanity." Phariseeism has its philosophy, its deep cunning, which in the days of Christ seemed to succeed before the world by the impudence of its pretensions. Yet it had its ground in self-righteousness, which the Master exposed and condemned. It would be well to guard against that. Even granting that it is honest, we must yet remember that it is most apt to be misled, persecuting the Church, and saying, "I verily thought that I ought." But as a rule, it is best to remember that those who claim to be pious and orthodox, above their brethren,—those who think all fault is with others, and not with themselves, are most apt to be those who ought to pull the beam from their own eye. The eye may be evil, and then the whole body will be full of darkness. There is no use in that case to seek a correction in the rays of the sun; the fault lies in the organs of sight. The eye is formed for the light, but, if it be disorganized, that which was intended as a medium of vision will cause pain.

Any effort to make the truth conform to the prejudices and dislikes of men, will, of course, be in vain. We might as well try to level the throne of the universe with the preconceived theories of men, and then declare that the true cosmogony has been found. Such declarations would not amount to much. The laws which govern the outward world would still have their course. And this is well enough; for if men had their own way, there would soon be an awful muss on this little planet. And so in the Church, the truth is not to be cut down to the whims of men, but the ideas of men conformed to the truth. That truth does not rest with any man, be he Pope of Rome, or opinionated presbyter, and what every one needs is, to divest himself of the evils which will prevent him from coming to the truth. Especially, must he be freed from guile, which, however covered up before men is patent to Him who knoweth the spirit that is in man. And unless this wickedness be cast out, "He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb as if he cut off a dog's neck."

THE SOIL FOR SECTS.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, of the *Christian Union*, who has lately traveled from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, and up the Cumberland valley, on a speech-making trip before a Sunday-school convention at Oakville, writes this to the paper, with which he is connected:

"It is not strange that Pennsylvanians are proud of their State. I rode from six till ten Monday night, from Philadelphia to Harrisburg; and two hours the next day down the Cumberland Valley, and all the way through a country rich in corn and wheat, and what was more important, in beautiful and thrifty homes. And I only rode alongside two beds in an enormous garden. In its own resources, Pennsylvania must be the richest State in the Union—quite rich enough to make a strong independent nation, with its five great sources of wealth, agricultural products, timber, coal, oil and iron. Besides which it is furnished with more denominations than all the rest of the States put together. Any man who wants to split off another Protestant sect, for the sake of a new creed or ritual, ought to be banished to—Pennsylvania."

We do not wonder at the good brother's enthusiasm over the natural beauty of the country through which he passed, although, if he had gone to the Maryland line, and up through Virginia, he might have concluded that the half had not been told him. It takes the breath out of a genial New Englander to go there, and no one who is not wanting in true appreciation, is scant in his praise of what he sees.

In regard to Pennsylvania being good ground for sects, we remark, that the difference in this regard between this State and others, is more apparent than real. Nearly all the wild-cat sects in the way of spiritualism and free-love-ism that claim to be a part of the Church of God, are born north of the New York border; and, besides, up there, a man can often believe anything and yet remain among the old denominations. Strictness in matters of faith is so severely commented upon, that discipline must yield to popular outcry, and there is no use in any one setting up for himself when his new-fangled vagaries are tolerated, and often rule in the old homestead. Pennsylvania is bad enough, but "down East" is worse as far as sects are concerned.

ADVERTISING THE BISHOP.

The following announcement is taken from an evening paper of August the 9th:—"Bishop Simpson will again preach at Valley Camp, on the Allegheny Valley Railroad, next Sunday, August 10th. Trains will leave Union depot at 8.30 and 9.00 A. M."

This notice is repeated seven times—not in the religious column, but in direct connection with Pier, Dannals & Co's Lager Beer, which, it is affirmed, "has a full and delicious flavor, a delicate and fragrant aroma, and an elegant golden color,"—and with notices of a boat-race which came off on Saturday on the Hulton course, which is not far from the "Valley Camp."

There is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. From the highest flights of imagination, and from the burning eloquence that sweeps the skies, it is easy to descend into the realm of the ridiculously absurd.

It is not presumed, that the good and talented Bishop had anything to do with the announcements, which brought his name into such intimate connection with a celebrated brand of Lager Beer, boat-racing, and other amusements. We are quite sure, that he does not preach to amuse any one, and that he would not lend his name to secure the success of any enterprise that might bring disgrace upon the cause of Christ. But there is blame somewhere. The "Valley Camp" must be kept in repairs, and during the "season," the larger the crowd the corporation succeeds in attracting, the greater, of course, is the income. Those who have charge of it desire to pay expenses, and, perhaps, a little more. They have an eye to business and want to make it pay. And as they do not hesitate to flaunt the name of their highly-honored Bishop before the public, in the ridiculous connection already referred to, they certainly ought not to complain if others call him a winning card, whose presence, under their manipulations, is certain to bring money into their pockets.

The wilful desecration of the Lord's Day, in connection with this, and similar meetings, ought not to be permitted to pass in silence by a Christian people. It matters not how eloquent and evangelical the preaching may be. If there are worldly schemes and enterprises connected with it, the result will be a lower state of morals in the community.

Extra trains are run, and extra men employed on the Lord's Day. For what? To carry a few hundred Church-people to a camp-meeting,—and an immense crowd of decidedly mixed character,—who do not intend to be benefited by the services, or even to pay any attention to them, but to have a good time in their own way. Is it right to be instrumental in doing evil that good may be the result? B.

ENCOURAGING.

Some time ago, we had occasion to refer to the success attending the efforts of our special agents to extend the circulation of the "MESSENGER." We are pleased to be able to add, that these labors have been continued, with similar results, wherever proper co-operation and encouragement have been extended to those engaged in this particular service. It is but right and proper, that we should make a special reference to what has been accomplished by our traveling agent, Mr. H. K. Binkley, within the last few weeks, in the charges of the Revs. L. D. Leberman and L. K. Evans, of Pottstown, Montgomery county, Pa., and especially in the charge of the former.

Quite an encouraging accession has been made to the lists of subscribers in these charges. The result shows what can be done by a little effort and assistance of the proper kind. Those who render this, are not only doing the Church at large an important service in thus sustaining its publication operations, but are also contributing much to their personal comfort and ministerial success, as well as to the interests of the people committed to their charge. Would that all were properly alive to their privilege, as well as duty in this respect! There would then be no fear as to the final success of our publication enterprize. We are truly thankful to all our brethren everywhere, who evince any degree of interest in aiding to secure this result, and we trust their number will increase, until all, of whom anything of the kind can be expected, will be included in it. F.

MORE FANATICISM.

A year or so ago, we recorded the opinion of the *Christian Advocate*, which seems to be earnest, but blind in its advocacy of the substitution of water for wine in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The article said in substance, that if our blessed Lord, made or used wines that would intoxicate, His crucifixion, only anticipated His falling into a drunkard's grave. That, we denounced as a criticism of the Master, which amounts to blasphemy. It must not be thought strange, if, after the expression already given, one contemporary should continue in its adherence to a theory that revives a divine institution. What it says upon this subject, and what others say in regard to its strictures, will be found in our extracts from our Exchanges. Later, we find a Presbyterian contemporary saying, that what sends souls to Hell, cannot be a symbol of the blood of our Lord. We have no further remarks upon this subject, except to say: From *such* temperance movements, "Good Lord deliver us."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Returning from Lebanon, we re-cross the big Susquehanna at Harrisburg, and enter the territory of the Potomac Synod. We stop at Mechanicsburg, where we enjoy the old-time hospitality of the Titzels, the mother, brothers and sisters of a former assistant editor of the MESSENGER, and our predecessor in the pastorate of the Emmittsburg charge. This family, in all its branches, is a Reformed host, the pastor's vanguard, body-guard and veteran corps, all in one, and well known abroad in our Zion. We do not mean by this special mention to be invidious toward others in the Reformed Church of Mechanicsburg, whose names will never die, and whose reward for faithfulness is more than any commendation of ours.

As it was Wednesday evening when we arrived, we attended service in the church. Brother Dietrich, the pastor, spied us out, in spite of our careful attempt at concealment behind some friends who accompanied us, and, nolens volens, we must do the talking. Still, from the desire to be a mere quiet worshipper, it was pleasant to meet with old parishioners in this way, and to see and hold forth the gospel to the little children of our former charge, now grown up, and active members of the Church.

When we became pastor of this charge, twenty years ago, there was no church of our denomination in the town, and the few Reformed families in it belonged to the Trindle Spring church, a mile distant. There were four congregations in the charge, but we also held service regularly in the old Union church, in town, on Sunday evenings; and during the last year of our pastorate, by permission of Zion's Classis, we organized the Mechanicsburg congregation. About twenty members entered into the new organization which was formally effected by the constituting of a consistory, consisting of one elder and one deacon. The elder was the venerable and excellent Father Baker, the oldest member of the little flock, and the deacon was Mr. E. S. Keene, the youngest male member, and one of the most intelligent and wide-awake deacons with whom it has ever been our privilege to be associated in the Church. The elder has long since gone to his reward, and the deacon removed to the West, where he soon became a leader in every Church enterprise that fell in his way. He was born to lead, and well he has fulfilled his calling.

The great desire of our heart was the building of a Reformed house of worship in the town. But, as Bro. Zacharias often said, we had to do like all the other congregations in the town—humble ourselves first in the squatty old Union church, and then, after awhile, perhaps the Lord would permit us, after being duly humbled, to come up higher and occupy something better and grander. From this same brother we received the assurance, that he had a lot ready to give whenever we would be ready to build; and he kept his word. It was not our privilege, however, to enter upon the actual work of building. That was reserved for our successor, Rev. John Ault, who came, and saw and conquered all the difficulties in the way, and in due time the new church was completed. The congregation now rapidly increased, and in a few years equalled in number any other church in the place. It is true, this rapid growth was very much due to the rapid drawing in of the Trindle Spring people, on the one side, and those of the old Stone church, on the other. And it may be said (and some have said), that to build up one church at the mortal expense of two others—destroying two in order that one may live and flourish—is not doing a good work. In this instance, however, there can be no question, with those who are well acquainted with the facts, as to the propriety of the course pursued. The two country churches were not, strictly speaking, destroyed; they were only transferred to new and better lodgings. Concentration of pastoral work now took the place of divided and scattered energies. There were some losses on account of this desertion of sacred places, as there were still some who refused to fall in with what seemed to them a great wrong; but these losses were not to be compared to the gains, as facts clearly show. For it was not long till the one church in town was stronger and more efficient in every way, than was formerly the whole charge of five congregations. The charge consists now of two congregations—the other at Filey's, a weak point,—and gives twice as good support to the pastor as did the former immense parish. Another illustration of the common saying, that a small farm well tilled is worth more than a large one skimmed over; and, that the more land a man owns, without the will or the ability to cultivate it properly, the poorer he is. No more important duty rests upon every Classis in the Reformed Church, than to divide pastoral fields, and settle down upon them laborers, men of God and trained for the work.

The Rev. W. R. H. Dietrich has been pastor of this charge for about six years. He is evidently the right man in the right place. He enjoys the confidence and esteem of his whole flock, and his labors among them have been abundantly blessed. His charge is one of the strongholds of our Reformed Church, a tower of strength in one of the most paradisaic regions that could be conceived of as still existing in a world cursed by sin. Forever may the Reformed Church sow the seed of divine truth in that vale of richness and beauty; or, until party names and all sectarianism shall be forgotten, and there shall prevail the universal consciousness of "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." K.

DEATH OF MRS. C. H. McCAULEY.

With Christian sorrow we announce the death of Mrs. Caroline McCauley, wife of Rev. Dr. McCauley, of Reading, Pa., who departed this life suddenly, at Cape May Point, on the 13th inst. The decease of this estimable lady will cause profound regret in the large circle of those who knew her long and well, and the sympathy of our entire Church will be extended to the bereaved husband and children. Before such dispensations of Providence, one is disposed to stand in silence because there are some feelings that will not bear the mockery of words. We can only throw ourselves upon the mercy of God, knowing that the time is coming when He will make His ways plain, and praying that the afflicted family may be sustained by Almighty grace and power. Arrangements have been made for the funeral services on Tuesday, the 19th inst.

SKETCHES FOR FUNERAL DISCOURSES.

The Rev. Dr. W. A. Helfrich, of Fogelsville, Pa., has issued a small volume of two hundred and ten pages, in the German language, containing fifty sketches of funeral discourses. He tells us in his preface, that he has prepared them with special reference to an existing want in eastern Pennsylvania, in which he has spent his thirty-three years of active labor in the ministry. The pastors are so often called upon to officiate at funeral occasions, sometimes three or four times a week, in which those of children predominate, that they frequently find themselves at a loss for proper material to keep up the variety and interest of such services. Hence, it was thought, a work like the present one would be acceptable.

The sketches, as far as our other engagements have permitted us to examine them, are well written. They are full of interesting, suggestive thought, appropriate to the occasions to which they have reference, and are specially distinguished for their freshness and variety. Of course, they are what they profess to be, simply sketches, and are not intended to save the person who uses them, all study or labor, but simply to assist him in his specific work. From the fact, that the present volume is des-

ignated on the title page as the first, we take it for granted, that it is purposed to follow it up with one or more issues of a similar nature.

We believe the work will be well received. It has been printed at the German Publishing House, in Cleveland, Ohio; and can be procured from that establishment, as well as from the author himself in East Pennsylvania. The price is seventy-five cents a copy in paper covers, and one dollar in good, substantial binding. F.

Notes and Quotes.

When some one asked whether Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt was about to build a competing railroad through disaffection to another line, some one else replied, that "Mr. Vanderbilt never spent money out of anger." An exchange says: life would be improved, if we should all acquire the same self-control. This is true. How often the Church's means are spent in building churches and sustaining missionaries at given points, through mere opposition to the work already begun at such places! The children of this world are wise in their generations.

When Sunday-schools are not under the control of the officers of the Church, and superintendents try to run them in opposition to the pastor, there is often a disgraceful muss, in which the superintendent does not always get the worst of it, as in the case stated below: At the close of a prayer meeting in a Methodist Church at Acton, Ind., Brother Hamlin, superintendent of the Sunday-school, announced, that the services on the following Sunday would be held in a grove near by. This was really the result of a division in the congregation. Pastor Weaver said, that, on the contrary, the usual services would take place in the church, and at once pronounced the benediction. The two then met in the aisle, quarrelled fiercely, and then had a fight, in which the clergyman whipped the superintendent.

Among the Exchanges.

The *Sunday School Times* says:

"The blackboard alliterations are popular in more directions than one. At the recent General Assembly at Saratoga, a distinguished theological professor expressed an opinion that Presbyterian Sunday-schools need

A CREED,
CODE, AND
COMPASS; ALSO
CHURCH
CONTROL, AND THE
CATECHISM.

That is the way he C's it.

The professor referred to C's it right, and thinking people are beginning to C it in the same way.

The *United Presbyterian* raises a point as to whether men should be elected to offices in the Church just because of their worldly social position, and without any regard to the qualifications the apostles found in those they set apart to such ministry. It says:

A congregation elected a man elder who, in the eyes of many others, was in no sense fitted for the position. When a former member of the session was asked why so curious a choice was made, he replied that it was for two reasons: first, the man had money and they thought he would be influential; and second, he lives at a considerable distance from the church, and they wished to make sure of his continued membership. We have not heard how he succeeded in his place and work, but if he did well and was a comfort and help to the church, it received better than it deserved. To make such a traffic of a holy institution, and to degrade piety and church order in a way so open and shameful, ought to secure for a congregation some chastisement proportionate to the offence: and though it may not be seen or understood, it is very likely to be sent. God is not mocked.

The *Christian Intelligencer* makes the following statement of a case:—

There may perhaps be some satisfactory explanation, but it is rather discouraging to those, who are endeavoring to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath, to learn that for three days not long ago the Boston newspapers had this advertisement:

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER
will preach at
HIGHLAND LAKE GROVE,
Sunday, July 27, 1879, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
The Boston Choir Quartette, and Sacred Concert by Pawtucket Band.
Special trains, &c., &c. Excursion tickets for sale at &c., &c. Reduced Rates and special trains from &c., &c.

According to the programme, the Pawtucket Band played several selections, a male quartette sang, and Mr. Beecher, "without any preliminary exercises," announced his text: John iii. 7, "Ye must be born again." This involves, he said "no introduction of new elements into the being;" "Conversion neither gives anything to a man, nor takes anything away from him;" "You may be born again a dozen times over if you will." Obedience to the law of heredity, he declared, "would change the world more than anything else—in a thousand years we would have a race of almost perfect men and women." In concluding he urged his hearers to "live to a higher manhood and womanhood,' "no matter what was their belief, that is a mere personal matter which does not touch the larger question."

All the trains were crowded, thousands drove to the entertainment, and some of the neighboring towns were almost depopulated.

Mr. Beecher may have been lured into taking part in this Sunday *fête* by false representations, and his evil genius, now-a-days usually at his elbow, may have lured him to say what is contrary to the Scriptures and all Christian experience, and cheated him into the persuasion that he was preaching.

The *Evening Post*, speaking of "Infidelity and Crime," says:

"We believe it to be susceptible of demonstration, that the late extraordinary and deplorable increase of crime, an increase more palpable every day, crowding with its record the columns of the public prints and sickening the soul with its endless detail and novelty of horror, is largely due to the growth of materialism, or what is termed infidelity, and that mainly in reaction from the skeptical drift of the time lies the path of wholesome reform. The fruit of unbelief among the upper or wealthy classes is sensuality. Those classes get to worship, instead of their Maker, the pleasures of the moment. They bow down to rich food and fine clothes and enervating amusements. They make goddesses of women, who possess mere physical beauty. Their hearts are set on yachts and race-courses, and theatres, and operas. What is given, in a word, to gild or soften life, to lend grace, and sparkle, and color to the plod and monotone of existence, such persons make its sole object and aim. Thus they become of the earth earthy, and all that is spiritual and exalted dries out of their souls. One after another the Commandments are broken as they stand in the way of desire, and a shameful ruin is left at last in place of what might have been a perfect temple; a shattered and sated voluptuary in place of a nobly perfected human being.

Among the poorer and less educated ranks of society, the cant and poison of living only for the day is even more directly disastrous. The rich can gratify their passions without, as a rule and in the legal sense, coming in conflict with the rights of others. But the needy, unrestrained by any fear of future account, and thinking only to eat and drink since to morrow they die, drive straight on to crime. That this is no idle assertion can be abundantly proved. A careful survey of the murders, suicides, and other great felonies committed in the United States during the last ten years, shows that a heavy fraction of the perpetrators were atheists or free-thinkers. These unhappy persons, persuaded that life is the be-all and end-all here, imagine that in their calculations they can jump the life to come. A collection of the letters or other papers left by criminals when anticipating death shows a fearful number of instances, some of which many readers will recall, of absolute disbelief in the existence of a God or in any reckoning for wrong done in this life to be exacted in a future one."

The *Methodist*, of New York, proposes the substitution of water for wine in the Lord's Supper. Extracts from several numbers of the paper will best present the new departure called for:

It is time to ask that we be given good clean water at the table of the Lord. * * The emphasis of the command which institutes the Lord's Supper, is not on the pronoun "this," indicating the substance used, but on the verbs "eat" and "drink," and on the spiritual purpose designated by the phrase "in remembrance of me." The symbolic character of the sacrament no more requires a particular kind of fluid than it requires a particular kind of bread. The bread used in our time is not usually at least, perhaps never, the same in kind as that used by our Saviour. He instituted the supper with the common drink of the country and time; whether it was fermented wine does not concern our argument. Our common drink is water, not wine; and it is practically difficult for most churches to procure wine that is not adulterated. We should use water at the Lord's Supper with a good conscience.

Our article favoring the use of water at the communion table has brought us some responses. Our object in making the suggestion was to put on record a matured opinion. We do not expect this opinion to prevail soon, perhaps not in our time; but we believe that the Church of the future will celebrate the death of the Redeemer in pure, cold water.

Commenting upon this, the *Lutheran Observer* says:

The *Methodist* introduces the suggestion in connection with a statement of the difficulties which some friends of Temperance seem to feel concerning the use of fermented wine, and the inconvenience of procuring unfermented wine for communion occasions. As a simple expression of the editor's personal views, this proposal might be allowed to pass unnoticed as of little significance. But it is rightly taken as representative, and illustrates a wide spread tendency and habit constantly appearing in irreverent, hasty, extreme, and revolutionary dealing with divine institutions and ordinances. In this light the suggestion is worthy of the severest animadversion. Our times are marked by a presumptuous rationalism, that pays but little respect to the wisdom and sufficiency of the divine counsel. There is an undue and reckless readiness to bend and modify the appointments of God in His Church, to suit passing human notions of fitness or expediency. Men make themselves amazingly free in putting their own wisdom above the inspired word. In the case before us, some conflict is imagined to exist between true success in the temperance reform and the sacrament as instituted by Christ; and the next step proposed is the rash one of changing the sacrament, and making it what it is supposed it ought to be.

The temperance scruple that objects to the use of wine in the Lord's Supper, is one of the most unreasonable and morbid of unreasonable and morbid things. The danger it thinks it sees is altogether imaginary. We know of no facts to warrant or justify it. The true way of dealing with men of such temper is, not to recognize and yield to the absurd objection, but to correct it. But even were there half the danger that is feared, it is all avoided by using what was probably the kind of wine our Saviour used in instituting the sacrament—the unfermented juice of the grape, the "fruit of the vine."

The parallel which the *Methodist* draws between "a particular kind of bread" and "a particular kind of fluid," is strangely twisted from the true correspondence as required for the conclusion. Though unleavened bread is not now always used, still "bread" is retained; and the true correspondence to our liberty as to a "particular kind of bread" is only liberty as to a "particular *kind* of wine." The substitution of another "fluid," or of any drink that may be "common," is utterly unwarranted by any freedom the Church has felt in the use of bread. The "symbolic character of the sacrament," as is apparent at a glance, *would be* seriously impaired and destroyed; for "pure cold water" could never adequately take the place of the "fruit of the vine" as a symbol of the "blood" of which the cup is the communion. To be ready to mutilate and change the sacrament as, confessedly, it was appointed by Christ, and has been observed by the Church for more than eighteen centuries, indicates a sadly low sense of obligation to accept and maintain the ordinance in the mould which the wisdom of our Lord gave it. "The emphasis" may not be "on the pronoun 'this,'" but because the word is not emphatic, is it to be utterly blotted out? The great temperance reform needs no such irreverent mutilation of the Holy Supper.

Bishop Foster thinks we might learn some things from the Catholics:

Preaching some time ago in the North End M. E. church at Boston, he paid a high tribute to Catholics. Among other things he said: "I have a great deal of respect for Roman Catholics and the Roman Catholic Church, and the feeling becomes stronger as I grow older. I do not think we can afford to criticise Catholics, until we display at least equal zeal in the service of the Master. Who are they whose feet go clattering by our houses these cold winter mornings before daylight? Who are they who fill their churches to worship God while we are in our beds? Who throng our streets, prayer-book in hand, with reverent faces, aye, and perhaps with as reverent hearts, as any of you bear? They are zealous, faithful Catholics, who believe in the truth of their Church, and feel that through it alone they can worship the God whom they fear and love. To what Church do those self-sacrificing communities belong that toil from morning until night for the good of God's people? Who are these who come here from foreign lands, poor and strange, with nothing but a spade, and have erected temples that put us to shame? Isn't the poor servant girl, who lays a tithe of her earnings on the altar of God, sincere in her belief, and will she not find favor in God's eyes?"

MERCERSBURG COLLEGE.

The fall session of Mercersburg College will open on the 18th day of September. The teaching force of the College will be the same as heretofore, consisting of six professors and three tutors. In giving this announcement, I wish to make a few general remarks upon the educational work at Mercersburg. The College owns a valuable property, and is what is left of the early efforts of the Reformed Church in her educational work.

The Classes now constituting the Synod of the Potomac, took the initiative in almost all this labor, and pressed it forward with commendable energy. The individuals who were especially active in this work have, for the most part, gone to their reward and rest. The honor of continuing the work is a sacred legacy to their children.

Mercersburg College aims to impart a sound Christian education to all who may come under its instruction. The curriculum of the College is fully up to the demands of the age. Its professors are all well qualified for their positions, with Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., as President. The Synod of the Potomac, at its late session in Hagerstown, Md., took the College under its fostering care, and it is to its membership that the College must now look mainly for students and support. It is to be hoped, that the Synod, at its next session, will devise some plan for its permanent endowment. This could be easily accomplished without interfering with any of its other work. The College should have at least one hundred students to be self-sustaining. The large territory of the Synod is ample for this number, and I believe all that is necessary to secure this desired end is the active coöperation of the ministry. The College has graduated, since 1871, its first commencement, 59 students, many of whom are now active in the learned professions. The post graduate course has sent into the Church 14 ministers and 3 licentiates. These brethren, though serving charges in the rural districts, are favorably known as earnest, self-sacrificing and efficient pastors.

If Mercersburg College is allowed to fail, it will certainly not be the fault of the earnest labors of the Faculty or Board of Regents, and the failure will be such a loss to the Synod of the Potomac, as will require long years to recover from, if recovery be at all possible. My hope and prayer is, that the good work may be prospered and meet with the cheerful and prompt support of the whole Synod, under whose care it is. This result from failure is not fancied, but will be apparent to any, who can remember the despondency which prevailed when Marshall College was removed.

Indeed, the present revival of the educational work of the Church may be easily traced to the opening of Mercersburg College.

The opening of the Post Graduate Course will be on the same day with the College, and be continued as heretofore. The prospects of the College for students, so far, is better, I am glad to say, than for years.

J. HEYSER.

Chambersburg, Pa.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

As announced in our columns a short time ago, the Rev. A. R. Thompson, licensed by the Philadelphia Classis, at its late annual meeting, has taken charge of the church at Hummelstown, Pa. From a statement contained in the "*Hummelstown Sun*," we are pleased to learn, that the congregation gave him and his family a most welcome reception. A pleasant surprise visit was made to the parsonage on Tuesday, the 5th of August. During the day a number of the members visited the parsonage, bringing with them and leaving with the pastor, sundry things suited to his circumstances and wants. The occasion reached its culmination in the evening, when the number congregated at the parsonage assumed considerable proportions. An hour was spent in a very appropriate and edifying manner, at the close of which the people dispersed, well pleased with their visit, and leaving the pastor in possession of much, that will serve to keep them in his kind and grateful remembrance for a long time to come.

The Rev. J G Dengler, of Sellersville, Pa., has held a Harvest Festival in each of the three congregations constituting his charge. The attendance was good, and the contributions to benevolent purposes, liberal Several Sundays ago, he preached a sermon commemorative of the fifth anniversary of his present pastorate. In it he reviewed the results of the past, and referred to the prospects of the future. If five years bring with them varied results, what must be those attendant upon the labors of twenty or forty years?

His labor though by no means easy, was still pleasant. In characterizing his work in the past, he said he regarded it as organizing, reconstructing, and bringing the people to a clearer and fuller consciousness of what they are as members of the Reformed Church, and their duties and privileges as such. Those who receive and read the papers of the Church, have been increased ten-fold. He officiated at one hundred and three funerals, many of them excellent members of the Church, whose absence is greatly missed; baptized ninety-nine infants and thirty-nine adults, and confirmed one hundred and thirty persons. Unity and peace prevail throughout the charge. The pastor pledged himself to stand by the people as long as they would stand by him, and expressed his firm conviction, that through their united efforts much good can be accomplished in the future.

Rev. H. F. Seiple, recently of Henrietta, Blair Co., Pa., has accepted a call from the Hilltown charge His post-office address has been changed to Landsdale, Montgomery Co., Pa.

PITTSBURG SYNOD.

The Licentiate, George A. Whitmore, recently from the Virginia Classis, has accepted a call from the St. John's charge, Armstrong Co., Pa. His post office address is accordingly changed from Mt. Crawford, Va., to Dayton, Armstrong Co., Pa.

Twelve persons were added to the Brush Creek charge, Westmoreland Co., Pa., Rev. D. B. Lady, pastor, in connection with the late communions, seven by confirmation, and five by certificate or renewed profession. Of these seven were added to the church at Manor Station, and five to that at Harrison City. This increases the additions to the charge during the present pastorate of seventeen months to one hundred and two. A short time previous to the communion at Manor Station, a handsome communion set was purchased from E. J. Zahm, Lancaster, Pa., for the use of the congregation, which gave much satisfaction to all the members.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Rev. L. M. Kershner, of West Salem, Ohio, has completed the first six months of his labors in his present charge. During this time, he has added twenty-three persons to the church, seven by confirmation, four of whom received adult baptism, and sixteen on renewal of profession. F.

SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following list of delegates to the approaching meeting of this Synod is made out from the reports of the proceedings of the Classes, as published in the MESSENGER. If any errors have been committed, they will be cheerfully corrected, if pointed out. F.

East Pennsylvania Classis.

Ministers:—S. G. Wagner, I. K. Loos, N. S. Strassburger, H. H. W. Hibshman, T. C. Porter, and W. R. Hofford, *Primarii;* and M. A Smith, D. F. Brendle, S. A. Leinbach, J. J. Crist, A. J. G. Dubbs, and B. Weiss, *Secundi.*

Elders:—Thomas Faust, J. J. Hoffman, R. H. Kramm, Owen Romig, A. L. Newhard, and H. J. Young, *Primarii;* and M. T. Mickley, Anthony George, Peter Hackman, David Schwarz, Ezra Raseley, and Wm. Sassaman, *Secundi.*

Lebanon Classis.

Ministers:—B. Bausman, G. Wolf, C. F. McCauley, F. W. Kremer, A. S. Leinbach, J. O. Johnson, and C. H. Leinbach, *Primarii;* and H. A. Keyser, J. P. Stein, G. W. Aughinbaugh, R. S. Appel, W. F. P. Davis, H. Leisse, and J. Klein, *Secundi.*

Elders:—W. F. Hoffman, D. S. Raber, J. F. Orth, E. L. Kilmer, S. H. Madden, F. B. Nies, and P. Risser, *Primarii;* and F. B. Stoudt, S. Hartman, J B. Moore, Simon Winberger, C. Kantner, Jacob Reeser, and Daniel Stein, *Secundi.*

Philadelphia Classis.

Ministers:—J. H. Sechler, J. H. A. Bomberger, D. E. Klopp, J. S. Vandersloot, and D. Feete, *Primarii;* and A. S. Zerbe, S. R. Fisher, G. H. Johnston, H. M. Kieffer, and J. D. Detrich, *Secundi.*

Elders:—W. Brownback, Richard W. Eastlack, Jacob Weikel, W. K. Grosh. and Abraham Schwenk, *Primarii;* and D. McWilliams, Jesse Castner, Joseph Rambo, Jacob Shutt, and David Wanger, *Secundi.*

Lancaster Classis.

Ministers:—T. G. Apple, J. A. Peters, E. V. Gerhart, and J. B. Shumaker, *Primarii;* and J. S. Stahr, W. H. H. Snyder, D. B. Shuey, and J. H. Pannebecker, *Secundi.*

Elders:—A. Mader, G. W. Lewis, J. E. Kerschner, and J. W. Kurzenknabe, *Primarii;* and Geo. Mengel, Adam Hersch, Edwin Curzon, and Henry Gast, *Secundi.*

East Susquehanna Classis.

Ministers:—W. E. Krebs, J. K. Millet, Z. A. Yearick, and D. O. Shoemaker, *Primarii;* and A. R. Hottenstein, J. B. Kerschner, E. D. Miller, and S. B. Shafer, *Secundi.*

Elders:—J. Sweisfort, J. R. Hillbush, J. H. Haas, and T. D. Strauss, *Primarii;* and E. Derr, J. Hoof, S. C. Schive, and J. W. Kelsey, *Secundi.*

West Susquehanna Classis.

Ministers:—D. M. Wolf, J. F. De Long, and I. S Stahr, *Primarii;* and James Crawford, G. P. Hartzell, and W. A. Haas, *Secundi.*

Elders:—Philip Frederick, Jonas Hay, and Carl Volkmer, *Primarii;* and John K. Runkle, Samuel Kryder, and Edward Smith, *Secundi.*

Goshenhoppen Classis.

Ministers:—C. Z. Weiser, and L. J. Mayer, *Primarii;* and S. M. K. Huber, and A. L. Dechant, *Secundi.*

Elders:—D. B. Mauger, and T. G. Hange, *Primarii;* and Michael Wanger, and Abraham Sellers, *Secundi.*

Tohickon Classis.

Ministers:—J. Kehm, A. B. Koplin, and N. Z. Snyder, *Primarii;* and S. K. Gross, R. L. Gerhart, and G. W. Roth, *Secundi.*

Elders:—Wm. Walters, John H. Afflerbach, and John W. Leidy, *Primarii;* and John A. Morris, H. O. Trumbore, and C. G. Barndt, *Secundi.*

SYNOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

This Synod will hold its next annual sessions in St. John's Reformed Church, Lebanon, Pa., on the first Wednesday of September, (the 3rd of the month) A. D. 1879, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. A punctual attendance is expected on the part of the delegates and others having business with Synod. SAM'L R. FISHER,
Philadelphia, Aug .1st. *Stated Clerk.*

RAIL ROAD ARRANGEMENTS.

Excursion tickets will be issued to persons attending the annual sessions of Synod in Lebanon, Pa., by the Reading Railroad, good from the 2ad to the 14th of September, at the following stations on the main Road and its branches: Philadelphia, Bridgeport, Perkiomen Junction, Phœnixville, Royers Ford, Pottstown, Reading, Port Clinton, Schuylkill Haven, Pottsville, Allentown, Topton, Womelsdorf, Meyerstown, Annville, Palmyra, Hummelstown, Harrisburg, Columbia, Lancaster, Manheim, Litiz, Ephrata, Quarryville, New Providence, Tremont, Jonestown, Port Carbon, Tamaqua, Mahanoy City, Williamsport, Montourville, Milton, Danville, Rupert and Catawissa. S. R. F.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Session of the Theological Seminary, Lancaster, Pa., will be resumed on Thursday, September 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Seminary and College commence on the same day; the opening address to be delivered by Prof. John B. Kieffer.

E. V. GERHART, *Pres't of Faculty.*

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE, LANCASTER, PA.

The Fall Term of this Institution will open Sept. 4th. Tuition, $39 per annum. Board, including Furnished Room, Fuel and Light, $3.25 per week. Terms in the Preparatory Department, $200 per annum.

For particulars address,
REV. T. G. APPLE, D. D.,
President.

BOARD OF MISSIONS (TRI-SYNODIC.)

A meeting of this Board will be held in the Lecture Room of Salem Reformed Church, Harrisburg, Pa., on Tuesday, August 26th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. A punctual attendance is requested.

J. O. MILLER,
President.

Married.

In Altoona, Pa., at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. J. Hassler, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 6th, 1879, Mr. J. Hall Miller, of Huntingdon, Pa., to Miss Jennie Isenberg, of Altoona, Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—In Gregg Township, Centre Co., Pa., on the 16th of July, Mrs. Mary Zubler, wife of Mr. John Zubler, aged 64 years, 3 months and 4 days.

The deceased was a faithful member of the Reformed Church. Being the daughter of Mr. John Yearick and a sister of the Rev. William R. Yearick, now of Jacksonville, Pa., one may readily conclude, that she was true to that name, as it associates itself with the Reformed Church. Baptized in infancy, she likewise renewed and ratified those vows, taken in her behalf, at a suitable age, and has continued in this her faith, until the Lord called her to a better world, for which she labored, hoped and prayed. The terrible disease known as "cancer" brought an end to her life, of which she suffered for nearly *three* years. As a suitable tribute to the memory of the deceased, we consulted St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians 1: 21, believing that she departed in this faith and hope. PASTOR.

DIED.—In Northampton Township, Somerset Co., Pa., Mrs. Elizabeth Poorbaugh, aged 80 years, 1 month, 25 days.

This aged mother in Israel, by her life and example, furnishes a great many points worthy of note. Baptized in her infancy, she attended catechization at a distance of eight miles from her home at Berlin, where Father Giesy was the Reformed pastor. This distance she made on foot once a week. The self-denial and labor expended in this direction, is a standing rebuke to those, whose worldliness does not permit them to attend to this duty when opportunity is offered before their door. As she laid the foundation of the Christian life in earnest labor, she continued it through all life. She attended church in rain or shine. Clave unto Christ and His Church through evil and good report. Had never learned that hammock-rocked style of pseudo Christian living, which converts the whole life into an occasion for the flesh.

Her works do follow her as a standing monument to the glory of God, and an unmistakeable assurance of that rest which awaiteth the people of God, the full enjoyment of which they expect to reap in the resurrection of the just. PASTOR.

DIED.—At his residence, near Brookhill, Frederick Co., Md., on Saturday morning, the 9th of August, after quite a lingering illness, Nathan O. Neighbors, Esq., in the 72d year of his age. The deceased was chosen Sheriff of Frederick Co., in 1867, and discharged the duties of his office in a most efficient and satisfactory manner. Those acquainted with him, were ever impressed with his genial manner, integrity of character, and the sterling rectitude which always marked both his private and public life. He leaves a family of eight children, who share the sympathy of all who were acquainted with the deceased.

The funeral took place on the Sunday afternoon following his death. The funeral cortege was met in Frederick City, by Columbia Lodge A. F. & A. M., and the Adam Lodge of Odd Fellows, of which organizations he had been a member for many years. The procession then moved to Mt. Olivet Cemetery, at which place the corpse was interred. Rev. O. E. Lake, pastor of the Glade charge, of which the deceased was a member, officiated on the occasion.

DIED.—Richard May, second son of J. F. and Anna C. McComsey, died of cholera infantum, in East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 14th, 1879, aged 7 months.

Its sickness was severe, but of short duration, taking ill on Friday and dying the following Monday. It had always been healthy and vigorous, and little did any one, that saw it, think that its days on earth would be so few in number. It was a mother's darling, the pride and joy of a father's heart. It was dedicated to God in holy baptism Thursday evening preceding Easter Sunday. Everything was done to stay the disease that was in the power of parents to do; but the angel of death had issued his summons, and the little darling was numbered among the saints in bliss. It was buried in the Homewood Cemetery of this place the following Wednesday afternoon. "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," formed the basis of the funeral discourse, and a source of consolation to those who were passing through their first sad bereavement.

Youth's Department.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

If you are told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

A RAINY DAY.

"Rain, Rain, go to Spain,
And never, never come back again.
Rain, Rain,"——

"Oh, do hush, Bell; I can't read a word," said Helen Harrison, looking up impatiently from her book.

"Well, I can't go out-doors and I want the rain to go away; I am just tired to death with the drop, drop, drop. Sarah Simmons says:

"'Rain, Rain, go away;
Come again some other day,'—

but I don't like that: I wish it would never, never come again!"

"Oh, sister Helen;" and the small head of golden curls turned eagerly towards the grown-up sister. "Wouldn't this world be beautiful if we had sunshine all the time?"

"Do you think so, my dear child?" said Helen, closing her book and gathering the household pet into her arms. "Suppose we talk seriously about the matter. How would the flowers grow in your own little garden if we had no rain?"

"We would have the dew every night, you know. I always get my feet real wet if I go on the grass before it dries."

"But the dew only lies on the flowers and their leaves, refreshing them after a hot day, just as you are refreshed by washing your face and hands after a dusty walk. It does not sink deep down in the dry ground where the thirsty roots live; they could not have anything to drink if the rain did not come down so steadily from those dark clouds above us."

"That would be too bad," said Bell, soberly. "I should not like the beautiful flowers to die of thirst."

"No, I am sure you wouldn't, nor dogs, nor kittens, nor horses, nor people."

"But they needn't; they have wells and springs,—the water comes right out of the ground."

"First, though, it must go into the ground. These same little drops that are so tiresome to you creep away under the earth and run quickly into the quiet, dark corners of some thick wood, and when they find a cool, damp place, there they rest, and by-and-by other little drops find the same path and follow it to the same pleasant resting-place, and so after a while there comes to be a cool and pleasant spring. Everybody knows how happy that makes a tired and dusty traveler."

"Yes; you and I found that out the day we went to look for the arbutus blossoms,—oh, dear, I was so tired," sighed Bell, her recollection of the long walk she had taken being almost vivid enough to bring back the weariness she had felt as well. Silent and thoughtful, she rested a few moments, and then said, although a little regretfully: "If we can't have wells and springs without it, I s'pose we must have rain; but what can I do all the day long?"

"Wait patiently and hope for the sunshine; it will surely come;—you know the old story, dear, about the Flood?"

"Why, of course, I do," said Bell, to whom all the stories of the Old Testament were familiar.

Fortunately her parents believed that God made and governs this world, and that He had grand and glorious purposes to fulfill in the being and destiny of both mind and matter. They did not allow second causes, however mighty, to obscure their sight of the Great First Cause; law could never take the place of the Lawgiver to them, and among doubts and mysteries they held but the more firmly to the unanswerable words of the Apostle Paul: "For every house is builded by some man, but He that built all things is God." So believing, they fed the instinctive faith of childhood with Bible stories that through their own lives, with their inevitable cares, might often come the comforting remembrance of God's love to His ancient people. Would that more parents, in these latter days, so believed and taught the old record.

"My little sister would be wise, then, if she used her memory to bring her hope this dreary day."

"Why, how do you mean, sister Helen?"

"What came after the Flood?"

"Oh, the rainbow—the bright, beautiful rainbow!"

"Yes," answered Helen; "and think for a moment that you are finding one rainy day tiresome and dreary, while then the rain fell day and night. In a little while you will see the sun shining as brightly as before; but then the water was poured out of the 'windows of heaven,' until nearly six weeks had gone by, and all the people who did not love their good God and would not obey Him had perished. For a hundred and twenty years Noah had been telling them of God and warning them of the Flood, but they would not listen, and so they died. Then came the beautiful bow of promise that there should be no more flood. Now, does any rainy day that can come to us seem so dreary if we hope for the rainbow that may shine after it?"

"No, indeed," said little Bell, the discontent all gone out of her face.

"There is another story abont the rainbow; it is such a beautiful thing that people who do not believe as we do, must think something about it. They say, if any one can reach the place where the ends of the bow rest on the earth, they will find there a pot of gold! Which story do you like best?" quietly said Helen.

With a puzzled look at her sister's face, as if she wondered if the question had been asked in seriousness, Bell answered, with a tinge of scorn: "What use would a hundred pots of gold be, if we should have another Flood?"

And Helen answered, "What indeed?"
—*Bittersweet.*

CANARIES.

These birds are mostly raised in the Hartz mountains in Germany. The people who make the little wooden cages in which the birds are brought to this country are mostly miners, and poor, thus earning a little extra money. One corner of the principal room in the house is usually given to the birds, where they build their nests and hatch their eggs. They are only brought here in the winter, because it is found that their voice and plumage are injured in crossing the ocean in summer. While usually nearly half the birds perish in making the long, cold voyage, fully 25,000 came to New York alive from Europe last year.

THE WOMEN OF EGYPT.

They are not allowed to go out of doors as we are, and many of them never get beyond the walls of their houses. The cows sleep in the same huts with the people. These huts are made of mud without windows, and the doors so small that the wonder is how the people get in. They do not wash their babies till they are a year old, because it is considered unlucky to do so. They rarely comb their hair from month to month. Their chief meal is at sunset; the rest of the time they eat a piece of bread when they are hungry. They never use plates or knives and forks. All sit around the table on the floor. Bread is their daily food, and each family makes for itself, as it is a kind of disgrace to buy "street bread." The women clean the corn and carry it on their heads to mill. It is made into thin, small cakes, stuck against the sides of an oven, and baked in *less* than a minute. A hundred loaves are not too many for a family of four in a week. Travelers are usually expected to eat three loaves apiece. They make butter in a strange way. A goatskin half filled with milk is hung on a peg, and then a woman, taking hold of a long string tied to it, jerks it to and fro till the butter comes. Then she drains it, but never washes or salts it. Their favorite dish is rice cooked with this butter.

THE CHINESE WALL.

An American engineer, who, being engaged in the construction of a railway in China, has had unusually favorable opportunities of examining the famous "Great Wall," built to obstruct the incursions of the Tartars, gives the following account of this wonderful work:—The wall is 1,728 miles long, 18 feet wide and 15 feet thick at the top. The foundation throughout is of solid granite the remainder of compact masonry. At intervals of between 200 and 300 yards towers rise up, 25 to 30 feet high and 24 feet in diameter. On the top of the wall and on both sides of it are masonry parapets to enable the defenders to pass unseen from one tower to another. The wall itself is carried from point to point in a perfectly straight line, across valleys and plains and over hills, without the slightest regard to the configuration of the ground, sometimes plunging down into abysses a thousand feet deep. Brooks and smaller rivers are bridged over by the wall, while on both banks of larger streams strong flanking towers are placed.

SINGULAR INSTINCT OF SCORPIONS.

There is a species of stinging scorpion found in the river bottoms of Western Texas. Immediately after the birth of her young the female places them in a basket-shaped receptacle on her back, where they at once attach themselves and begin sucking her blood. Of course, the mother soon succumbs to this unfilial treatment, and begins to droop. The young ones are by this time sufficiently nourished to demand more substantial food, and they kill their mother and devour her. Should one of the young ones become detached from the living nest, it is at once killed and feasted upon by its mother. Thus it seems that while the female willingly sacrifices her life to her offspring, yet she does not hesitate to kill them should they be so devoid of instinct as to refuse to remain where she places them after birth. While this is going on the male parent stands around.—*Hannibal (Mo.) Courier.*

DEATH IN THE CUP.

A grave-digger and a gentleman were passing through an English churchyard, engaged in tracing the virtues of the dead as recorded on the various tombstones around. Within a circumference of twenty feet from where they stood lay no fewer than eight victims to intemperance.

"Here," said the official, "you observe the grave of a gentleman aged forty-four, who left home to attend some races at the neighboring city, got drunk, and was found dead.

"The next grave is that of a man aged thirty-nine, who, in a state of intoxication, ran a race with another man, was thrown from his horse, and died from its effects.

"A little farther on you see the grave of one, aged fifty, who often drank to excess. He died soon after the Russian war under the effects of strong drink. He would often turn his wife out of the house; and once in a state of drunken frenzy, he took the butter which she had been churning and battered the walls with it, saying that he was taking Sebastopol."

In a grave a little distance off were deposited the remains of another drunkard, who died from the effects of drinking a gallon of gin for a wager.

The next grave was that of a man who in a state of intoxication attempted to ford the river in the valley below, and was drowned.

The next, that of the village innkeeper, who had such an insatiable thirst for strong drink that he swallowed all before him. He had possessed property in houses and lands, but all went, and his life also fell a sacrifice to strong drink.

The next, that of the village physician, who, while engaged in trying to cure others, killed himself through indulging in drink.

The last of this sad list of victims was a man aged fifty, who was a great drinker; as the sexton said, "He drank hard, and in a state of intoxication passed through the graveyard and saw me making a grave. 'John,' said he, with an oath, 'are you making that grave for me?' His words nearly came true, for the very next grave was made for this poor drunkard."

OUR LITTLE RAMBLER.

Have you seen our rambler, sportive as a midge,
Chasing spotted kitty under wayside bridge?
In one hand an album, snatched from sister's drawer,
From raised apron peeping Fido's snow-white paw;
Little white hood dangling by its blue strings down,
To the tall ripe clover-tops, crimson as her gown.

"Have you seen our rambler?" question we repeat
To the passing peddler, on his high-perched seat.
"Yes, I saw her running up by turkey-coop,
Serenading gobbler with an Indian whoop!"
Straightway up the hillside start we in pursuit,
Calling, "Pearlette! Pearlette!" But the elf is mute.

All around the red barn anxiously we stray,
Till we meet her elders by the road at play.
"Have you seen our rambler?" "Yes," respond the group;
"Saw her with new milk-pan dash from kitchen stoop,
And with scream of laughter, she a moment since
Placed it o'er the shaggy head of old sleepy Prince!"

"Have you seen our rambler, madam, if you please?"
Say we to her grandma, out-door shelling peas.
"Yes, I've seen Miss Mischief, in the garden-plot,
Pouring from her hood to lap gunner's bag of shot;
And because I captured open powder-flask,
Wouldn't let her paint her face with a horrid mask—

"Up spoke little 'two-year-old,' pouting with disdain,
'I'll run away to Bos'on by the early train!'"
Cautiously we sought her down the garden path,
Picking up her wrinkled shoe more with joy than wrath;
Little eyes were riveted, all attention drawn
To a dainty humming-bird, brilliant as the dawn.

There we sprang upon her, climbing with her knees
Up an arbor-trellis, coolly as you please!
Speckled calves stared at her from their open pens;
On the paling cackled all the frightened hens;
There we seized our birdie, from the home-nest flown,
Naughty little rambler, but our very own!

—*Geo. Bancroft Griffith, in Youth's Companion.*

MAKING SHINGLES IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

As we plunged deeper into the swamp the trees increased in size. Here and there a black pool of water lay gleaming sullenly, hiding, as it were, among a thick growth of rank ferns and venomous-looking flowers. Vine-covered cypresses rose high aloft, the inevitable streamers of gray moss hanging motionlessly pendent. The noise of the shingle-cutters sounded ever more clearly, like the rapping of a gigantic woodpecker—"tap, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap"—as they chopped out the shingles, the sound of the voices of the invisible workmen and an occasional burst of laughter echoing mysteriously in the gloomy and otherwise unbroken solitude; and so we came upon the shingle centre.

The workmen had just excavated a log, the butt or root part within a few inches of the surface of the ground, the stem at the farther end some two or three feet below. At about twenty feet distance from the butt a young man was busy sawing through the log. His cheeks were hollow, his features angular, a general cadaverous look betokening chills and fever. The saw had a handle only at one end, like the instrument used for cutting ice. The sharp end struck deeply into the ground at every movement, but was not dulled, because of the entire freedom from grit of the soil, composed as it is of decayed bark and vegetation.

We watched with interest, taking a sketch in the meantime, until the log was sawed through. It now made a section about twenty feet long, and comparatively easy to handle. The gang, composed of half a dozen hands, now set to work to raise it from its resting-place, with long levers of stout saplings, the process accompanied with many grunts and oaths. It was a picturesque sight—the men and their red and blue shirts, straining and tugging at the giant log that lay in its long, grave-like cavity. At length it starts at one end with a sucking noise as it leaves its oozy bed, is gradually raised to the surface, and is finally rolled bodily out of its excavation to the fresh air, where it lies like some newly-disinterred antediluvian monster, huge, black, and slimy.

"A purty good log," says one of the men, as he draws the sleeve of his red shirt across his sweat-beaded brow.

When the log is thus finally raised it is sawed into sections each about two feet in length; these are then split down to the requisite thickness for shingles. The logs are first discovered by means of a sharp iron stake, which is thrust into the ground wherever a slight mound-like elevation betokens the probable presence of a log or logs beneath. If the point of the stake strikes the hard surface of wood instead of sinking easily into the morass, the soil is cleared away, and a square foot of the stump exposed. The practiced eye of the shingle man can tell at once whether the log is useful, the requisites for use being straight grain throughout, with no knots, soundness and no decay. If a sound, good log, it is then uncovered, sawed through, and raised.

When the log was completely raised, our guide resumed his work, splitting the sawed sections up into shingles. Taking a seat on one of the dryest of the fallen logs, he took a large "chunk" upright between the knees. He used a broad knife-blade, with a long wooden handle, which he placed on the log, *driving it into the wood with a heavy* hard-wood mallet such as is used by sculptors and stone-carvers. At a little distance from him a shaggy-looking fellow with red shirt and patched trousers was sitting at a shingle horse, shaving the split slabs of wood smooth and tapering. Beside him lay a pile of clean, crisp-looking shavings, emitting that odor peculiar to well-seasoned cypress. The horse used is the ordinary cooper's horse, and needs no special description. From this point the shingles are carried to the roadside, to be handy for transportation.—HOWARD PYLE, *in Harper's Magazine for July.*

Pleasantries.

Grace (whispering)—"What lovely boots your partner's got, Mary!" Mary (ditto)—"Yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."

A Nevada tramp applied to a doctor for some work, and the doctor asked him what he could do. "'Well," said he, "I could dig graves."

It was an Irishman who suggested, when the hammer mentioned in an invoice of hardware was not found in the cask: "Perhaps the nagur tuk it out to open the cask wid."

A disobedient little girl being told by her mother that it was necessary that she should be whipped, said, "Well, ma, then I suppose I must; but won't you give me chloroform first?"

A lecturer who had been criticised for 'being too long-winded," referred to the fact, and said, "I shall speak as long as I please." The critic, who was among the audience, cried out, "All right. If you'll only stop speaking when you stop pleasing, we shall be satisfied."

A man in San Francisco fell down stairs and broke his neck. "We find," says the jury in the case, "that he came to his death from the Mongolian horde which is overrunning our beloved land, and we recommend immediate arrest of every accursed pigtail the police can lay their hands on."

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

AUGUST 31, LESSON 35. 1879.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.—Genesis ix. 8-17.

THE COVENANT WITH NOAH.

8. And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying,
9. And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you:
10. And with every living creature that *is* with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth.
11. And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood to destroy the earth.
12. And God said, This *is* the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that *is* with you, for perpetual generations:
13. I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.
14. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud:
15. And I will remember my covenant, which *is* between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.
16. And the bow shall be in the cloud: and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that *is* upon the earth.
17. And God said unto Noah, This *is* the token of the covenant which I have established between me and all flesh that *is* upon the earth.

NOTES. After the fearful catastrophe of the Flood, any protracted rain, every rising shower, or gathering cloud even, spoke terror to man. Another flood might devastate the earth, it may be, and sweep us away, they silently feared and spoke among themselves. How fit and welcome the assurance, then, which God vouchsafed to man and his offspring. That "bow of promise" is a solace even to us, whenever the angry elements rage.

VERSES 8-11. *And God spake unto Noah.* It may have been in a dream, or in a vision. Perhaps by an angel; or, finally, God Himself may have manifested His presence to Noah under some form, and spoken as a man, in like manner as He did to Adam, whose room Noah had now taken up, in order to become the head of a new race of beings and master of a new world.

My Covenant. The word *covenant* signifies literally a *coming together*. Sin had separated the Creator and mankind; hence God institutes a plan of reconciliation, or reunion. The *Covenant of Adam* had reached down to the Flood. Now a new one, called the *Covenant with Noah*, was established, which reached down to Abraham. The Covenanter, or Maker, is God; the covenantee, or party with whom it is made, is Noah. Through the latter, the covenant is made with the whole world—*with your seed after you—with every living creature—fowl, cattle, beast.* Noah was lord of creation, and with him the agreement is accordingly entered into. Mark the emphasis that is laid on *with you.*

VERSES 12-17. *I do set my bow in the cloud.* We cannot gather from the divine record whether any rain fell before the Flood. In the beginning, God watered the earth with a thick mist, (chap. ii. 5, 6). In case this arrangement continued as far as the Flood, there could have been no rainbow, either; since this handiwork of God is formed by the sunbeams shining on the falling drops. But it is likely that there was both rain and a rainbow long before Noah's day. But God now saw fit to mark it out and consecrate it as a sign and witness of His promise. The promise of God embraces the *world* and *mankind*. The terms *earth, flesh, living creature*, mean the former. *Noah—your seed after you*, would seem to mean the latter. The phrases *perpetual generations and everlasting covenant*, indicate the permanency of God's promise.

PRACTICAL REMARKS. The Rainbow teaches us some grand natural lessons. 1. It is a grand Arch over us, bearing up, like strong pillars, the heavy firmament of cloud, as it were. I have asked myself already whether men did not learn the structure of the *arch* from this splendid bow of God. 2. It is *set* in the *cloud*. It never smiles except in showering, threatening weather 3. It is always a proof of the Sun's nearness. 4. It always exhibits the full *seven* colors of the prism—*violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.* 5. And finally it always spans itself between us and danger.

High up, along the very heavens, as it were, God has written a lesson of hope for man, in such brilliant letters that all but the blind must see it. "Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens," (Ps. viii. 1). "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handy work," (Ps. xix. 1).

Would we know the *spiritual* meaning of the Rainbow, we must ask you to turn to Revelation, chaps. iv. 3 and x. 1. There we read: "*And a rainbow was upon His head, and His face was as it were the Sun, and His feet as pillars of fire.*" Or: "*And there was a rainbow round about the throne*" From this we conclude: "THE RAINBOW IS THE SYMBOL OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT OF GRACE IN JESUS CHRIST."

1. Christ is the Sun of Righteousness. 2. Sin is the cloud. 3. The Streams of Grace filled with the Light and Life of Jesus are the rain drops. 4. The brilliant colors are the graces and virtues of Christ reflected in the faithful. 5. Underneath this Arch of Love we stand secure, (Ps. lxxv. 3).

THE VISITOR'S PRAYER.

The prayer of the visitor who leads us in our petitions generally differs very much from the prayers usually offered by the pastor of the congregation or by the one leading the devotions of the family. He prays as one separate. He uses the plural form, and yet stands alone. He is not one with the others, having the same experience of grace, the same daily mercies and the same needs, but a visitor who prays for them as a stranger, an intercessor who asks for others that in which he does not directly share. Sometimes great prominence is given to the part of the prayer in which he invokes divine favors on them as distinct from himself. He grows eloquent, and in cumulative sentences remembers the several members of the family or the officers of the congregation, and invokes blessings according to the grade of each. Or he becomes pathetic, and recalls the trials and the sorrows of those bowing with him, and implores for them grace as if they were yet strangers to the Divine consolation. He skillfully interweaves exhortation, admonition, and sometimes severe rebuke, but more frequently complimentary acknowledgments of kindness done, of valuable services and of reputation won, or happy prospects of good. He seems to feel that this belongs to the courtesies of the occasion, and is only a becoming acknowledgment of the hospitality or the brotherly regard which gives the opportunity. And it is noticeable that often all this is elaborate in proportion to the degree in which the person leading is a stranger.

And thus it happens that the visitor often keeps us uneasy when he leads us in prayer. We do not know in what manner the family and family life may be presented, or how the supposed condition of the congregation or the personal and family interests of the pastor or other minister present may be held up before all. We do not know what instruction or admonition is about to be administered. While our hearts would follow the words spoken in earnest thanksgiving or humble prayer, the spirit of devotion is marred by the uncertainty of what may yet be spoken.

The visitor is for the time being one of the family or congregation. Their blessings and their needs are his, and he should bow before God and supplicate His grace, or praise Him in their name, as of them and with them. He should enter into their life and speak for their souls. He occupies for the time their position, and leads in the common worship. A visitor he is and must be, and his petitions may be as benedictions; but they become so when they are the real desires of their souls, but spoken by one whose experience of life and of divine grace is richer than ours. Beyond this let no one go, unless the occasion gives clear warrant for it—warrant so clear that in his petitions he lifts those with him to his plane, and still preserves perfect unity in the worship. All comments, or compliments, or praise, or instruction, are as unworthy of the circumstances as they are foreign to the spirit of prayer. When the visitor is one with his fellow-worshipers his prayer will be one in which they will not be hearers, but worshipers.—*United Presbyterian.*

THE ONE SAFE WAY.

The pilot of a United States revenue cutter was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied, "No; it is only necessary to know where there are no rocks." These words suggested a deep moral and spiritual truth. Sermons, lectures, and books abound, on the temptations which lie along the life-course of the young to eternity. Over the most dangerous ones are lifted the solemn notes of repeated warning. This is well. And yet, how much more frequently does the word of God present and enforce, with all the urgency of motive that love can suggest, the very truth contained in the pilot's answer—the "King's highway of holiness." Looking unto Jesus with simple faith, the soul is secure; whatever the perils that lurk on every hand, there are no rocks ahead.—*Ex.*

CHRIST IN THE PSALMS.

There are many who profess to expel Christ from the Psalms in the interest of the Psalms themselves. But the Psalter as a living thing, and the association with it of our Incarnate Lord, stand together. Those were memorable words which Mr. Coleridge wrote upon the margin of his Prayer Book, "As a transparency on some night of public rejoicing, seen by common day, with the lamps from within removed, even such would the Psalms be to me uninterrupted by the Gospel." A living statesman has spoken, in language of transcendent truth and beauty, of the Psalter in one of its aspects, as "the whole music of the human heart, swept by the hand of its Maker." But not all the human universality of the Psalter; not all its unquestionable pathos, and cries from the depths; not all the mystic elevation of the "Songs of Degrees;" not all the ringing bells of its Hallelujahs, can alone preserve for it its present place. A learned Brahmin Pundit has lately become a convert to the Gospel. From his acknowledged eminence as a Sanscrit scholar, it was expected that he would first study the Greek of the New Testament as its cognate language. But his love for the Psalter is so deep that he has first devoted himself to Hebrew. For in the Psalter he finds Christ and the Gospel; and, without that, he would, no doubt, prefer the ancient hymns of his race and country. Without an intense conviction in the hearts of God's children that Christ is in the Psalter, that it is in sympathy with His Passion and His Glory, its words would, after a brief season of deference to ancient custom, be almost unheard in our churches and cathedrals. They would be comparatively silent, for the future, in sick rooms, and unbreathed by the lips of dying saints. The voice of millions of Christians about them would be like the pathetic cry of a simple old man, who said, when the photographs of his grandchildren in a distant land, were presented to him, "It is they, and it is not they; take them away." The Psalms, for the future, might, no doubt, remain and be read, in a book, of which successive editions might be called for. But the fitting symbol for the frontispiece of that book would be a broken lyre dropped from a dead man's hand.—*Bishop of Derry, Bampton Lectures.*

THE DO-NOTHING CURSE.

"*Curse ye Meroz,*" said the angel of the Lord (Judges v. 23).

What had Meroz done? Nothing.

Why, then, was Meroz to be cursed? Because Meroz did nothing.

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord, then, sustain any loss? No; but Meroz did.

Was Meroz, then, to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to be doing something.—*The Watchword.*

Neglect of the study of the Bible, the preached Gospel, sacraments and prayer are unmistakable evidences of declension in religion. He that delights not in God's word, makes light of prayer and scorns the message of eternal life, is on the down grade to soul-ruin. There are ordained means of grace by which the soul is led to Jesus and kept in the way of happiness and peace. These are the palace cars bound for glory. If you wish to reach that happy land you must take your seat in these cars, and abide in them.—*Methodist Recorder.*

"Good prayers," says Leighton, "never come weeping home. I am sure I shall receive *what* I ask or what I *should* ask."

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Time Table, in Effect Jan. 1st, 1878.

UP TRAINS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Harrisburg....	8:00	1:35	4:25	9:10
Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	6:15	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg..	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	**A.M.**	**A. M.**	**P. M.**	**P. M.**
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		8:00
" Hagerstown....		8:25		9:25
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	4:33
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:00
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M

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General News.

HOME.

A terrible fire caused by a stroke of lightning at East Parker, Pa., is recorded. It is now under control. 85,000 barrels of oil were consumed. The excitement in the neighborhood was of course intense.

Twelve large donations to missionary societies have been made within a few months, amounting to over $3,000,000. Miss Lapsley, of Indiana, left $890,000 to the Presbyterian Board, and Deacon Otis, of Connecticut, $973,000 to the American Board. Gifts of $100,000 each from India and Africa are included in the list.

There was a terrible smash-up on the Narrow Gauge Railroad between Philadelphia and Atlantic City on the 14th inst. An excursion train, through some misunderstanding, ran into a freight train about ten miles east of Camden. Five men were killed outright, most of them employees of the road, and others who insisted upon standing upon the platforms when there was plenty of room inside.

The yellow fever is still spreading, although the apprehensions that it would extend beyond a given area, seem to have subsided. Twenty-five new cases were reported at Memphis on the 17th inst. There have been no new cases at New Orleans for seventeen days. The Howard Association has 207 nurses at Memphis, attending 129 families, 120 of whom are white and 76 colored. The expenses average $900 daily.

BATH, L. I., August 15.—The Locust Grove Hotel and pavilion, on the shore, at Bath, were completely destroyed by fire this evening. Shurhardt, a night watchman, forty years of age, a widower, with four children, is reported missing. The loss will probably reach $75.000. The insurance on the hotel and pavilion is $25.000. The owner of the property is G. Godfrey Gunther, and the lessee is Mr. Walker. Joseph Pearce, the manager of the hotel, is reported lost.

Bishop William H Odenheimer, of New Jersey, died on the 14th inst., at Burlington. He had been long an invalid, and for several years had been entirely incapacitated from active work. He was born in Philadelphia, August 11th, 1817, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1835. In 1838, he became the assistant of Rev. Dr. De Lancey, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia. When, in 1839, Dr. De Lancey was elected Bishop of Western New York, the young minister succeeded to the vacant Rectorship, which he held until he too was raised in 1859 to the episcopate of New Jersey. The Bishop was the author of a book on *Jerusalem and Its Vicinity*, and of religious and theological works, and an essay on canon law. When the old diocese was divided in 1874, there were seventy-six clergymen canonically therein. The Bishop, on the division, took the northern half of the State of New Jersey and made his home at Burlington.

FOREIGN.

There has been a riot at Quebec. The labor question is at the bottom of it.

The Jewish churches of London gave $3,460 to the hospital fund, to which all the denominations, except perhaps the Catholics contribute yearly.

Methodism makes a good muster in the field of foreign missions. All the Methodist branches together have nearly 5,000 regular missionary agents and upwards of 151,600 members, with 23,267 on trial.

The one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Sunday-schools in England is to be celebrated there next year by a series of services, conferences, etc. The proceedings are expected to extend from June 28 to July 4, 1880.

The English Parliament was prorogued on the 16th inst. A speech from the throne was delivered by royal command. The address reviews the wars in the East and in South Africa, returns thanks for appropriations made and is hopeful in regard to the future of the British nation.

Services for the repose of the soul of the late Louis Napoleon were held at Lyons, France, on the 12th of July. A mob outside the church cried: "Viva la Republique!" and "Vivent les Zoulous!" A fight followed lasting one hour. The Prefect of the Rhone has dismissed one of his subordinates for attending the services—or, to use his own language, "for having given himself up to a manifestation hostile to the government, acts of this nature being intolerable to the administration."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has published a singular pastoral. It is proposed to beatify fifty-six martyrs, most of whom are Chinese, the Mandarin Paul Doi Buony, Michael Mi, Antony Quinch Nam, Simon Hay Hoa, Martin Tho, John Baptist Con, Lieon Ouen Uen, Mathew Gam, Lawrence Pe Mou, Agnes Tsau Kong, etc., and Mgr. Guibert desires to collect all notes, letters and written documents emanating from them. The faithful are warned "that they are obliged under penalty of the censure of the Church," to send him all such private papers before September 1.

August 16.—A cable dispatch from London announces the death, to-day, of Mrs Ellen Wrenshall Sartoris, daughter of ex-President Grant. Mrs. Sartoris, better known in this country as Nellie Grant, was not only a favorite in Washington society, but also in the social circles of other cities, East and West, in which she had visited. She was generally loved for her kind and gentle disposition and charming manners. The occasion of her wedding at the White House, a rare occurrence, her presentation to Queen Victoria on her arrival in England, and her subsequent visit to her parents in Washington, will be readily recalled. At the age of 19, in May, 1874, the President's daughter was married to Mr. Algernon Charles Frederick Sartoris, only son of Mr. Edward Sartoris, of England, and the heir to a considerable estate. At the wish of the President's family, though greatly to the disappointment of Washington society, the wedding was entirely private, only the immediate relatives and a few particular friends being present. Mrs. Sartoris at once left her native land for her English home, carrying with her the affection and esteem of all with whom she had been brought into acquaintance. To her many friends this sudden news of her death, at the early age of 24, will come with more than common sorrow, and her family will have wide and deep sympathy in their painful bereavement.

Acknowledgments.

HOME MISSIONS.

Read per Rev Hy Mosser, Treas of Leb Classis, from Tamaqua ch $5.00; Prof Thos Stein 2.50; St Paul's Ref Mis ch, Reading, 50.00; Trinity Ref ch, do 68.00; Second Ref ch, do 72 00; St John's Ref ch, do 5.00; do 7.00; M. Ref ch, do 33.00; First Ref ch, do 75,00.	$317 50
Also per Rev Hy Mosser, Treas &c., on account of Mr. Gelbach's claim against General Synod, viz.: From St Paul's M Ref ch, Reading, $30.00; Do, 180.00; Do, 59.40; First Ref ch, 30.60.	300 00
Per Dr I Lefever, Treas 2d Ref ch, Hbg, two com collections,	9 90
Per Rev A C Geary, Mt Moriah chge, Md, harvest col,	17 12
	$644 52

W. H. SEIBERT, Treas.

P. S. The brethren holding money for missions are requested to transmit the same at once, so that credit may be given the different Classes in my next annual report. TREASURER.

LETTER LIST.

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Whitmer, Rev A C, Whitmore, Rev G A, Willyard, M A, Wissler, R, Wiant, Rev J F, Wolff, Rev D M.
Ziegler, S F.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 16, 1879.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR.	Wheat, Superfine	$2.50@2.75
	" Extra Family	5.15@5.30
	" Fancy	5.50@5.90
	Rye	3.20@3.25
	Corn meal	2.50@2.60
	Buckwheat meal	1.10@1.30
GRAIN.	Wheat, White	1.08½@1.11
	" Red	1.06½@1.08
	Rye	55@60½
	Corn, Yellow	48½@49
	" White	42@43
	Oats	34@35
	Barley two rowed	60@65
	Barley Malt, two rowed	80@90
GROCERIES.	Sugar, Cuba	6⅞@6⅞
	" Refined cut loaf	8⅞@9
	" " crushed	8⅞@9
	" " powdered	8¾@9
	" " granulated	8⅝@9⅛
	" " A	8⅛@8⅝
	Coffee, Rio gold	14½@15½
	" Maracaibo gold	13@20
	" Laguayra gold	14½@15½
	" Java gold	23@24½
PROVISIONS.	Mess Pork	9.00@9.50
	Dried Beef	14@14½
	Sugar cured Hams	10@11
	Lard	5½@6⅝
	Butter, Roll extra	10@12
	Butter, Roll Common	7@9
	Prints, extra	20@23
	" " Common	16@18
	" Grease	3@6
	Eggs	12@13
SEEDS.	Clover, per 100lbs	7.00@7.75
	Timothy per bushel	1.70@1.80
	Flax " "	1.30@1.35
PLASTER.	White	3.00@3.25
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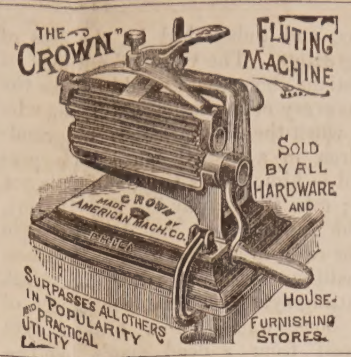
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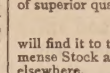

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